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Around Town.

The war which has broken out among our poets and critics will serve an excellent purpose if it shall demonstrate that we are possessed of either poets or critics. Hitherto the existence of poets in Canada has been attested to solely by alleged critics; and the presence of critics of discernment has been certified to only by those so-called poets whose productions have been praised. Now that a division has occurred we may hope that a survey of the battle-field a little later on will disclose the real status of the contestants—showing whether they were really poets or really critics, or were merely made to seem such through a careful system of inter-friendly traffic. Already Mr. Campbell has shown that one critic appealed to him for information as to his work, of which he confessed complete lack of knowledge, and, not getting it, described him as a "rhetorician rather than a poet." He has shown that another critic after condemning Mr. Campbell's latest work, *Mordred and Hildebrand*, and discriminating with a tone of exact knowledge between the two tragedies contained in it, was compelled to admit: "Peccavi! I have not seen the volume." These are the first casualties of a campaign that promises many fatalities, and Messrs. Miller and Pollock are slain as critics. *Peccavi!* They, so to speak, have peccavied too long, eulogizing acquaintances and slating the unread work of strangers. If a man honestly deceives himself into the belief that he possesses literary discernment it may chance that we can still respect his morals if not his mind; but when a reviewer esteems himself a mere space-filler, irresponsible alike to literature and the public, he merits contempt. Criticism has become a mere sham and every literary man in America knows it very well. A "poet," going over his scrap-book, knows what kind friend managed to get this eulogium into print and what adversary actuated that attack. He knows that since he first began to pose as a poetical genius he has had to watch and pray—watch those who would condemn him, pray to those who could befriend him. At first a kindly notice would occasionally appear, which he, regarding as a spontaneous tribute to his talent, would value and nurse, only to be taken by the sleeve some day and informed by a friend that he it was who engineered the notice. The easy acquiescence of the press in the verdicts passed by a few reviewers who are in reality not critics but advertising agents, has made all reviewing futile. With ready compliance the press will publish paragraphs about poets and writers which the latter do not hesitate to supply for publication, so that press opinion carries no weight. There never was a time when poets were so widely advertised for so little cause; so constantly discussed and so little read. People read of them, but do not read them. And the reason is perhaps found in the fact that never before has there been so much reviewing and so little criticism. Printed opinions of books have become almost valueless, for usually the reviewer has neither conscience nor capacity for his task. He has friends to serve, enemies to carve. If our "poets" believed what their parasites print of them, they would, through vanity, explode. Their reputations are gross inflations. They are famous in newspaper offices—unread in the homes. What evidence is there that we have a real poet in Canada? So tinged with suspicion is the whole system of poet-manufacture, that before we respect William Dean Howells' verdict in regard to Mr. Lampman we feel called upon to ask if the two gentlemen had met before the eulogistic remark was made. In regard to the praise which certain English papers have bestowed upon Messrs. Carman and Roberts, we feel like asking how much Mr. Douglas Sladen, who fished with them in New Brunswick, had to do with it. So much influence does personal magnetism exert in criticism that we are disposed to wish that we could trace out the Chicago editor who passed so high a eulogium upon Mr. Campbell's best poem, *The Mother*, so that we could get at the impulse that moved him to testify. Mr. Howells may have been sincere and not merely polite; Mr. Sladen may have been sincere and not merely prodigal of his gratitude; the Chicago editor may have been sincere and not merely courteous to a friend's friend; but as I have said, the whole system whereby raw specimens of humanity are turned into ethereal poets and their twaddle hailed as divine, is so well organized and has so little to do with genius that we are apt to accept nothing in good faith.

This war will almost indubitably prove that we have no critics in America positioned to be influential if honest. If it leaves us possessed of a poet and convinced that we possess one, it will have been a beneficial war. That we have men somewhat facile in turning phrases and fine rhymes, men familiar with the names of the gods of mythology and expert in fashioning verse of approved modern linear dimensions—this we know. Yet what have these men sung that had remained voiceless and pent in the human soul until their day? What have they said that needed the saying or that, unsaid, would have been missed? Have they produced verse superior to that of the forgotten English poets of last century and the first half of this? Go through the old calf-bound books long out of vogue and see if you cannot find traces of nameless poets who lived and sang and quarreled and vanished, nothing enduring save the clever epigrams in which they proved one another to be fools. Garlick is forgotten save by a very few who hold to him because of his act-

ing, yet as a verse-maker he was considered clever in his day, and his forgotten verse will compare with what our own poets are producing. Gay and Prior were regarded as immortals, and when Burnet in his historical work uses the words "One Prior" in referring to the poet, someone published this epigram:

"One Prior!" and is this—all the fame
The Post from the Historian can claim?
No! Prior's verse posterity shall quote
When the forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

Posterity is not to any very large extent bothering its head about either poet or historian, yet are any of our Canadian poets producing verse superior to Prior's? The epigram

for the magazines. There is too much labor in carving upon rock; they prefer to make traceries on the surface of the newly fallen snow and upon the sands at Grand Pre.

Why do not our publishers shut off the gurgling stream of trivial verse that issues from the presses to-day and, going back to the last century, revive the stimpier, more witty and thoughtful poetry that the world of to-day is unfamiliar with? We have a *Nineteenth Century* and a *Twentieth Century*; why not *The Eighteenth Century* or *The Antiquarian*? This is the magazine necessity of the age. The obsolete poems

drink deep draughts. The process of thinking having been lost in abundance of reading and stress of writing, the best that can now be done is to read those poems, stories and essays written while men yet held to the habit of thinking.

By the way, it is no new thing for a poet to be charged with plagiarism, and the following, copied from an old book, will show that Mr. Carman is not alone:

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes;
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

years, open to citizens of the Mother Country and the Colonies, is a good one and we may live to see it inaugurated. It is in line with British sentiment and taste. Contests in shooting, rowing, sailing, running, jumping, boxing, football, cricket, lacrosse, baseball, bicycling, swordsmanship, tennis, bowling, and what not, could be held, carrying with them the championships of the Empire for five years. Such tournaments would not only develop sports, but, more important in these later days, would serve to introduce the various peoples of the Empire to each other. The interests of government and of trade would be served.

That we have not gone too far in honoring Private Hayhurst is well known to those who can recall the demonstrations made in Scotland and England in previous years in favor of previous winners of the first place at Bisley. Since the Queen's Prize was first shot for thirty-five years ago, no Canadian has ever before won it, and I doubt if Canada has gone far enough in honor of the man who first carried our colors to the front—not far enough, while he is deprived of any part of the cash prize which his shooting won. Had he lived at an earlier day he would have fared better. While the long bow and the cloth-yard shaft occupied the place now filled by the rifle as the British weapon, the contests in archery were of the keenest and the rewards of championship were very high. Henry VIII. in his youth was an expert archer and entered the lists against the best in the kingdom. He instituted the practice of conferring titles upon the champion bowmen, and so late as in the reign of Charles II., although the strong-bow had given way to the arquebus in war, we find that the titles of Duke of Shoreditch and Marquis of Islington were conferred upon the most skilled marksman in a great contest. Therefore it would appear that what we have done for Private Hayhurst is a mere trifle, for if he were to receive the reward that precedent entitles him to he would be called before his gracious sovereign and raised to the peerage as Duke of Hamilton and Marquis of Dundas.

In our issue of two weeks ago appeared an article treating of the art department of the coming Industrial Exhibition, and therein it was stated that the most important painting on the walls would be the one entitled *Breaking Home Ties* by the American artist, Mr. Thomas Hovenden. This painting attracted more attention than any other at the World's Fair, crowds gazing upon it constantly. And now press despatches tell us that Mr. Hovenden, creator of this great painting, met a sudden death on Wednesday evening while heroically attempting to save the life of a child. Mr. Hovenden had a summer residence near Norristown, Pennsylvania, and while returning to his home found it necessary to cross a railroad track in transferring from one trolley system to another. A little girl ran a few feet ahead of him and did not observe a locomotive rushing towards her. The artist, jumping forward, seized her in his arms, but instead of saving her life sacrificed his own, for both were instantly killed. His desperate attempt at a rescue adds another to the list of those swift, unpremeditated deeds of heroism which prove that human nature is not altogether selfish. To his famous painting there will now attach a melancholy interest, and the tens of thousands who will gaze upon it during the Industrial Exhibition will be moved to grief for the brave old man who died so nobly the other day. The picture will possess a new meaning, its pathos will acquire a new depth. Into his masterpiece many of us will feel that the disembodied soul of the artist has been merged, and I hope that the people of Toronto who love the beautiful, worship the good and admire the heroic, will wreath his picture during its presence in the city (for it is his monument) with garlands of white flowers every day.

Ten Presbyterian missionaries sailed from San Francisco for China on Wednesday, and five representatives of the same denomination left Toronto the other day for the same country. While the spiritual consecration of these missionaries commands the admiration of all men worthy the name, yet the worldly wisdom of sending missionaries to China is open to doubt. The Chinaman is not an ordinary savage who by one method and another can be diverted from violence until he has learned that the missionary means to be his best friend. The simple barbarism of a cannibal island may be more easily overthrown than the heathen civilization of China, with its prejudices twenty centuries old. Its teeming and misgoverned population may break into riot at any time, and there is no guaranteed safety anywhere in the interior. The sending of peaceable missionaries into such a country as China, men who believe not in war nor are prepared to shed blood even in self-defence, is calculated to encourage a misapprehension regarding the Anglo-Saxon race in the minds of the Wang-Hangs and Weak-Lungs who so thickly crowd that country. This misapprehension is sure to cost China dear in the end, and it might almost be charitable to remove it now. The Chinese mob knows that the missionary teaches a creed that forbids blows; the mob has seen the good man set up no defence but prayer when slaughterers fell upon him and hacked him to pieces. They judge white men as they see them. They do not know that in the Western World, whence these missionaries come, preachers are hired to practice the virtues of a creed that we have found incompatible with politics and the interests of trade; that while our creed de-



A LAST LOOK.

From Painting by Mrs. Louise Jopling, in English Royal Academy.

is interesting as showing that the importance of posterity to a poet was as keenly recognized away back in the last century as it was on the recent day when Mr. Carman wrote his discreet little letter to Mr. Campbell reminding him that posterity would forget his adverse critics. Shenstone, Lyttelton, Congreve, Cibber, and the host of others whose names I forget and whose works never confront me in any book-store, all produced admirable poetry so far as can be ascertained, yet they are forgotten. Even the smart doggerel of Dean Swift is unknown to all but one in a thousand. We see what posterity—the posterity in whose hearts these poets hoped to live—is doing for these men. Yet poets advise each other to write for posterity. No wonder Mr. Campbell protests against having posterity allotted to him as his audience. Our poets may have written some few things for posterity, but for the most part they have written

and stories of forgotten yet talented writers could be revived and published with the best modern illustrations, the costumes and atmosphere of the last century being preserved. Pope could contribute, and Cowper, and Dr. Swift, and Peter Pindar, and Goldsmith, and all the giants and all the pigmies who slashed and hammered out epigrams and epilogues. What an attractive table of contents the editor could draw up! A lyric by Thomas Moore, Etq., a sonnet by Robert Burns, an essay by Addison. It is a wonderful mine. It is a duty owed by this age of easy printing, to the ages of expensive and laborious printing, and to the men who trusted to posterity for the recognition which unreading generations could not afford them. In times past men used to think; to-day men read instead. The starting of such a magazine as *The Antiquarian* would in this age of no-thought open a fountain whereat the vapid and chattering people of this day could

No doubt there are some who think that the demonstration made in favor of Private Hayhurst is all nonsense, but it is well that such people are not too numerous. The man who can win the highest prize at Bisley against the sharpshooters of the Empire is entitled to a welcome, not only because he had the coolness of temperament, the fineness of sight and the delicacy of touch necessary to shoot as he did, but because he has given Canada an advertisement all around the world such as we have not had since Hanlan proved himself a marvel among oarsmen. The English-speaking race inclines to open-air sports, and to the exercise of nerves, senses and muscles which is gained in sporting contests is due in large measure that vigorous manhood which has placed the race perhaps a little ahead of all others in the world's affairs. The proposal made by one of the local papers that a great sporting tournament should be held in England every five

manda peace on earth and the turning of the other cheek to an assailant, this article of faith has no literal meaning in Christendom, and that we have armies so organized and equipped that we could reduce China in a year into a silent kingdom of skulls. Stanley claims that he averted much bloodshed on his journey through Africa by the prompt and accurate use of his revolver upon assassins who had shoved knives through missionaries empanopied in golden texts, and so I think it the duty of the Western World to make a demonstration that will relieve the Chinese mind of the idea that all white men are missionaries who may be hacked to pieces as they please. If ten battalions of soldiers and five men-of-war had gone from America instead of ten missionaries from San Francisco and five from Toronto, and if these forces had been joined by ships of transport and line-of-battle ships from Portsmouth, the Chinese mind might have more suddenly been relieved of error than it will be. An army of one hundred thousand men marching through China without killing a solitary heathen would advance the civilization of the empire one hundred years at a bound. And then the missionaries could be set to work. MACK.

Our New Building.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S fine new building on Adelaide street west is being put up as rapidly as it is possible to construct so substantial and handsome a structure, and will soon be ready for occupancy. The Adelaide street front will have rounded corners on the five upper stories, an architectural effect that is practically new in Toronto and which should be very pleasing to the eye. The new Court House and City Hall on Queen street will, when completed, considerably alter the center of legal and municipal business, and Adelaide west will become the very core of the city's activity, half-way between the new public buildings and the postoffice, Toronto street and King. It is to be hoped that all new buildings in the district mentioned will be of a character in keeping with the new importance of the locality. The Foresters' Temple, corner of Bay and Richmond, will be a splendid addition to the streets on which it fronts, and the other new buildings which have gone up or are under contemplation on Adelaide west evidence the public faith that this bit of street between Yonge and Bay will soon be the key to the situation. This paper has faith in the street, in the city and in the future, and is putting up a building that will last and not look out of place when the big developments which our shrewdest citizens confidently look forward to shall have come to pass. A six-story building on a four-story street may seem rather tall at first, but Adelaide is going to be a six-story street in the very near future. The day of squat buildings is about over in Toronto. The importance of a central location is made daily apparent to many business men. It was this confidence in to-morrow and this knowledge of to-day that decided the proprietors of this paper to put up a respectable building when they were about it—of a size which, modesty compels us to admit, SATURDAY NIGHT cannot by any means fully occupy, so that there will be floors and offices for rental to agreeable housemates.

Money Matters.

The general manager of the Bank of Montreal has recently returned home from England. In an interview a few days ago he stated that in London money was "a drug on the market." This about sums up the situation there. Vast supplies of money have accumulated in London and in other European financial centers for which there appears to be no possible employment, in the near future at least, and the chances for getting it into use even within a lengthened period are remote. The same state of affairs obtains in the principal financial centers in the United States. Never in the history of that country has money been so cheap for such a long period. The reasons for low rates of money are found in the more conservative spirit influencing the mercantile world, the steady increase in the use of the clearing system, cheques and bills of exchange. Enormous losses of capital followed the era of wild-cat South American speculation, and the inevitable collapse followed in the wake of the business inflation in the United States. Beginning with 1892 in Europe, and 1893 in the United States, cautiousness in a more or less degree has characterized business dealings. Wild-cat enterprises have received no attention and less capital has been put into use. In the enlarged use of clearing houses, cheques, bills of exchange, etc., it is at once seen that currency is economized. The future cannot be clearly looked into, but from the drift of things I am led to believe that cheap money for a long period is to be expected.

In Canada the promise of good business is encouraging. The crops in eastern Canada are as a general rule above an average, and in Manitoba, according to the official report just issued by the Government of that province, the yield will be phenomenal. A crop of 29,000,000 bushels of wheat and a crop of 57,000,000 bushels of all kinds of grain is looked for. This is a great record for the Prairie Province. The effect of a large crop up there cannot fail to stimulate business of all kinds in the eastern provinces.

I have been a consistent friend to Commercial Cable stock from the time it sold at low figures in the spring. I was sure then that an advance was about to set in, as the stock was dirt-cheap. Two weeks ago I stated that when the advance began again we would likely have a sharp report. It then sold at 158 and has since sold to 165, an advance of 7 points in two weeks. Later it sold off to 163. I advise buying it for good profits anywhere under 165. It will go up ten points by the end of the year.

Postal telegraph stock is inactive. I think it is about high enough at present, though toward the end of the year I shouldn't be surprised to see it move up again. From all that I can gather I should say it is in strong hands and is not likely to go down much.

Toronto railway stock has been weaker lately. It is quoted as low as 83. If it should go down to say 81 or 80, it will make money for the buyer.

An evidence of how cheap money affects gilt-

edged securities may be seen in sales of bonds. British consols bearing 2½ per cent. are selling over 107, and Brooklyn, N.Y., 4 per cent. bonds have lately sold at 111. E.S.A.U.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and the Misses Sanders of Nassau, B. I., were guests at the Athletic Club five-o'clocker on Wednesday. These pleasant people came to Toronto in May and are residing on Jarvis street.

Mrs. Williams of Bishop Ridley College, St. Kitz, with her little ones, is visiting her mother, Mrs. MacMahon of Gloucester street. Mrs. Williams was married one Christmas morning, and by her bright and happy appearance illustrates that proverb which declares, "The better the day the better the deed."

Mrs. Mittleberger and Mrs. (General) Sooy-smith of Chicago spent a couple of days in town this week as the guests of Mrs. Towers.

Sir Frank Smith bought the Atherly horses, Fairy and Fly, and I hear the brougham has become the property of a charming hostess on St. George street.

Hon. Edward Blake sailed for Canada on Thursday.

The concert on Wednesday evening at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was a charming event. Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, who has been spending the summer in his native city, has seldom been heard to better advantage, and his voice seems only to increase in power and sweetness. Mr. George Fox, the Canadian violinist, greatly impressed

tournament week is going to be most active and includes a tennis cotillion, a minstrel show, a clam-bake, a concert, an illuminated procession of boats, as well as the customary dances. The Lark, which was a familiar and pleasant feature of the Canadian tournament, will again appear in enlarged form.

Miss Hemming, who has been summering at Sparrow Lake, Muskoka, has returned much restored in health, and has her studio at 16 St. Joseph street.

Mrs. and Miss Gibson of Grange avenue have returned from their summer holidays looking perfectly radiant with health.

Messrs. George Kimber and Harry Reburn of the City Treasury Department are spending their vacation at Muskoka.

Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice, Miss Daisy Smallpeice and Miss Eva Smallpeice of Avenue road are staying with Mrs. Clarence Wickson of Buffalo.

Mrs. Colin J. Stalker and son are visiting friends in Oakville.

Mr. W. L. Wallace of Yonge street is spending his holidays in Boston.

The island dances are not losing their prestige or interest as the month advances. On Wednesday evening probably the prettiest crowd which has yet graced the salon of the Island Aquatic Association was on hand at eight o'clock. The evening was starlit and cool, and the balconies filled between each dance. The usual assembly with a few new faces, the Misses Garvin, those heavenly twins, in pretty frocks, and much sought after; Miss

Secretary of the U. S. Golf Association, and Hobart Chatfield-Taylor of Chicago. The American golfers are coming up in large numbers and there is likely to be a corresponding gathering of Canadian cracker. The ladies' event will bring together the fair golfers of both countries. I believe Mr. Theodore Haver-meyer, President of the U. S. Golf Association and the New York Golf Club, intends bringing up a party of the Four Hundred by special car.

The rain somewhat marred the fine service at St. Andrew's on the Lake last Sunday. I hear the choir boys who went over for Evening-song got quite a ducking.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron and her seaside party returned last week to Toronto to a delightful sojourn at Narragansett. Mrs. Cameron, Miss Hugel and Miss Connie Jarvis leave for Europe on September 2 for an extended tour.

Dr. and Mrs. Pyne and their little boys went away for a few days' fishing on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Natrass have been holidaying near Roach's Point.

Grass-widowers, grass-bachelors and grass-orphan are the various names mirthfully bestowed on the poor men whose female belongings are out of town. Neighboring hostesses take a kindly interest in them and invite them to breakfast, dinner and tea, pitying their forlornness and marveling greatly at their good spirits and fortitude. Perhaps if the truth were known, a little desertion is a pleasant change, and messieurs the fathers, husbands, brothers and sons quite revel in it.

Ald. Hallam has offered a ten dollar prize for the best poem setting forth the advantages of Island Park as a place of resort for the people—an offer which has moved a contributor to send us the following:

In some future age the posterior man
Will use his endeavors to find if he can
Who created the Island and fastened it down
In the mouth of the bay overlooking the town.
Through long researches he'll get it down pat,
'Twas John Hallam, or Bedlam, (or some name like that);
He made it, and liked it, and lined it with trees,
He bridged it and stocked it with birds, beasts and beer,
Then made speeches on it that emptied his homes,
And withered his verdure with Labor Day Poems.

Mrs. Curran of New York, sister-in-law of Canon Curran of Hamilton, has a set of pretty little oil paintings on view at Junor's, China Hall. The pictures represent different branches of the service in England. A spirited young Kiltie in the Davidson tartan, piping and stepping out in true Highland fashion, should be in the 48th Mess Room, if they own such an apartment. The Boots and Saddles and Kettledrums are very good, the minutest detail being carefully painted. A lancer on horseback and half a dozen other soldiers are in the series.

Ladies' day at the Athletic Club this week was a perfect afternoon; the lovely courts are a picture and the group on the balcony had a very sociable and pleasant time. Mrs. Leigh poured tea (and, by the way, the Club tea is very good indeed). During the afternoon Dr. Dickson of Bloor street came in to arrange for a reception to be given at the Club on September 4. Mesdames Walter S. Lee, Forsythe Grant, C. Nelson, J. Massey, Leigh and Denison promised to be hostesses on that occasion. This reception is for the visiting delegates to the American Therapeutic Association convention, an important body which was heretofore only convened in very large cities. Dr. Dickson, however, has induced them to favor Toronto this fall, and the privileges of the Athletic Club have been kindly proffered them on the evening of the fourth. A promenade concert, garden party and reception are on the tapis. The band of the 48th and an orchestra are to furnish music, and the convention reception committee have also arranged for dainty refreshments. No doubt a very pleasant evening is assured.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks are on a visit in Newport, and have been the guests of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, who since her return from England has been keeping open house and welcoming many Toronto friends to her seaside home.

Mr. Richard Lewis, father of Mrs. W. F. Maclean, died at his residence on Gloucester street last Tuesday. Mr. Lewis was a well known educationalist and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

This week we have a visit from the Chicago cricketers, those princes of good fellows, whose cordial reception of Canadian cricketers has set a standard of hospitality which few clubs will venture to emulate. When the Canadian team visited Chicago their hosts began a system of entertainment which could only be carried out by wealthy people, such as are the Chicago cricketers. Each of these good people by turns took half a dozen of the visiting twelve for an evening's pleasure, dining them at their own homes, driving them to different places of amusement and seeing that they had the best species of a good time. While Toronto cannot hope to entertain the Chicago men in such princely style, they can appreciate their liberality and Toronto women can turn out en masse to smile upon the game this afternoon.

Mr. Gault returned from England on Wednesday, looking very well.

Miss Alleen Dawson is having a lovely visit at Cacouna as the guest of Mrs. Montizambert, who is at her summer home.

Gibson, just returned from her summer holiday and looking charming in a very smart picture hat and most becoming view rose blouse; Miss Lee of Jarvis street was in dotted muslin and lace. In fact, the day of the Tam O'Shanter girl is over and the whisper of a nearing autumn breathes in various small elegances of dress. Lots of pretty bare heads were also an added charm at the Wednesday dance, and when hats were worn they were either very smart and breathing of the milliner's window or the quaintest of affairs, like Miss Eby's little Napoleon of folded felt. There were some supple and springy bicycle boys, who danced excellently and looked well in their dark uniforms. Mr. Knight announced the annual sports for this afternoon, at Hanlan's, to which place a steamer will run before and at the close of the sports, from Center Island for the convenience of the Center Islanders. I think the steamer leaves about two o'clock from Center Island.

Another sad and touching bereavement is that of Mr. Ernest W. Trent, whose young wife died on Wednesday. Mrs. Trent's quiet and deep nature did not make indiscriminate friends, but those who were admitted to her circle feel her loss very deeply. Mrs. Trent and her firstborn died at the Bungalow, Balmy Beach, and were buried at St. John's cemetery, Norway.

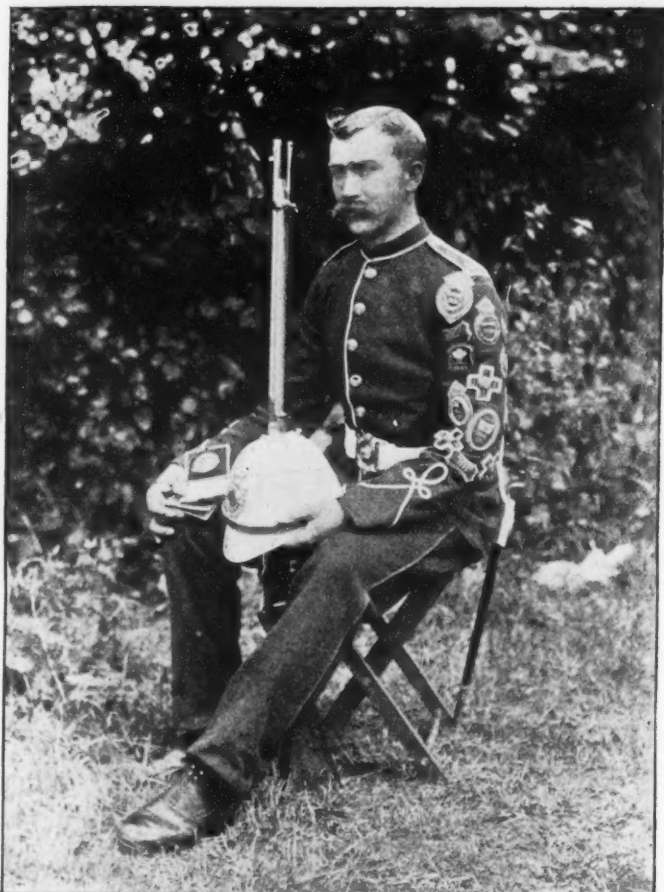
Mr. Herbert C. Kennedy has gone to New York.

Miss Florence Talbot of Newark, N.J., is the guest of Miss Kennedy of Beverley street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jarvis are camping in Muskoka. Mrs. Jarvis and her little son have been there some weeks, but Mr. Jarvis has only joined them this week.

Mrs. J. J. Dickinson and Miss Dunning of Port Colborne left on Tuesday for Cacouna and the Saguenay.

The first International Golf Tournament to be held at Niagara on September 5, 6 and 7 is greatly interesting a large number of our smart people who are addicted to the royal and ancient game. Among the members of the committee in charge are three of the most prominent golfers in the United States: Charles B. Macdonald of Chicago, H. O. Tallmadge,



From Illustrated London News. Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, I.W.
Private Hayhurst, 13th Batt. of Hamilton, Winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley.
With Medal, Badge and Cheque.

the summer visitors with his talent. Mr. H. W. Parker, A.T.C.M., of Toronto was also listened to with much pleasure. Mr. Samuel Gerretson Cornell of Buffalo contributed the humorous side of the evening. I have had occasion ere this to refer to the talents of this popular young gentleman, who has such a remarkable gift of entertainment. It is unnecessary to say that though Mr. Cornell was suffering from a slight cold, his auditors were unsatisfied until they had recalled him again and again.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Baker are staying with Mr. Alfred Baker at his island in Lake Rosseau.

Miss Halden of Seaton street is visiting friends in Brooklyn, N.Y., Jamestown, Rhode Island, and Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson have returned from Hotel Hanlan. Mrs. Pearson has gone to visit Mr. and Mrs. Carter of Montreal.

Miss Willa Macnamara, who has for the past month been visiting the Thousand Islands, has returned home.

Mrs. E. J. Lennox, accompanied by Miss Monroe of Sherbourne street, is summering in Muskoka.

Miss Birdie Ryder, one of Toronto's cleverest nurses, who has been visiting DeGrassi Point, returned to the city last week, attended by the good wishes of all who know her.

The last three weeks of the season at Niagara-on-the-Lake will be bright and busy. Next Wednesday the Ontario Bowling championships begin, and I know of few more picturesque sporting sights than the gathering of white flannelled bowlers on the beautiful green of the Queen's Royal. A reading by Miss Jessie Alexander in the Queen's Royal Pavilion next Friday and the repetition of the children's fancy dress ball on Monday week will bring the Niagara sojourners to the famous International Tennis tournament, beginning Tuesday, August 27, at which all the greatest players in America will be present, including Mr. M. F. Goodbody, the Irish expert, who is coming out especially for the United States championship at Newport and the International championship at Niagara. Miss Atkinson, the American lady champion, will also take part. The round of gaiety attendant upon

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The Hayhurst reception in the Armories on Tuesday noon was an interesting and enthusiastic affair certainly, and the part of pretty women in summery gowns who graced the west gallery gave a touch of smartness to the occasion. In the south gallery the Lieutenant-Governor and a crowd of officers, half a dozen ladies and some members of the City Council received the hero and his fellow-soldiers, who all bore themselves modestly and with a *souper* of amusement at the fuss, which was delightfully *ingenue* and refreshing. The crowd cheered the soldiers, the Queen, the Governor and others in hearty impartiality. His Honor wore the now distinguished gray tie, and Alderman Hallam was similarly decorated, much to the glee of the multitude, who greeted the perky gentleman with a fire of raillery and good-natured remarks. Miss Gunther was in the officers' gallery with her brother, the handsome captain of "H" Company, Q. O. R. Mrs. Zealand, lately Miss Lamport, came down with Captain Zealand from Hamilton to meet the pride of the 13th Regiment. Private Hayhurst was presented to the dignitaries, officers and ladies, one of whom wished him a colonelcy, in the midst of a hearty laugh, in which the young man joined merrily. After the presentation a banquet and drive around the city were tendered by the officers and the Council. I missed His Worship's glossy tall hat from the City Hall gallery, but presume he is more seriously engaged just now.

The Young Conservative Club, the junior organization of the Conservative party in the Toronto district, is said to be in a very flourishing condition and now numbers over five hundred in membership. The club has just won the sineas of war by large gains to the Toronto electoral voters' lists for the next Dominion elections, and over two thousand five hundred young men have been enrolled and added to the lists. This is a great gain for the Conservative party in Toronto. A special meeting of the club has been called for Monday, August 26, to consider the financial report and general business. A keen contest is expected for the presidency and other offices of the club; polling day has been fixed for Monday, October 21. Gentlemen of tender years and ancient ideas, and ancient gentlemen with young ideas, all these and scores of others have enrolled themselves under the banner of the Young Men's Political Debating Club. The constant advancement of political bugbears and the free discussion of complicated questions, that are gingerly handled by the politicians of their party, combined with an inherent belief that they can see further through a political wall than their elders, has produced a strong contingent of able debaters in this club, and persistent Conservatives of wealth and influence are ever ready to fondle the fads and fancies of their party in the Toronto district. An exciting fall and winter session of this club is expected in view of the approaching Dominion elections. A mass meeting of young men will be held next year in Massey Hall and the whole Dominion Cabinet is to be there.

The Aquatic Hall, at Center Island, on Monday evening last was the scene of a brilliant gathering from the Elmsmere House of the friends of Miss Strachan and Mr. E. S. Read, the occasion being the celebration of their birthday, singularly falling on the same date. Dancing commenced at eight o'clock and was kept up till eleven, when adjournment was made to supper, supplied by Webb, after which our good old Daddy Birchall presented the gifts given by the numerous friends. A trip around the Island was the next on the programme and one of the Island ferry steamers was chartered for the occasion, and a delightful time was spent till one o'clock, when the evening, or rather morning, was closed by forming an association called the Elmsmere Gum Chewing Club, which will meet every Wednesday and Saturday evening at eight o'clock at the Aquatic Hall.

There is a very pretty spot for a summer holiday which is yearly patronized by a select little *coterie* of Torontonians, that paradise of wood and water near Roach's Point. There come the Oslers from Craiglea, the Hume Blakes, and this summer Mrs. Frank Hodgins has had a very delightful party for the last few weeks. I hear Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins are now going up to Georgian Bay for a time. Several others of our smart people have summer houses in that neighborhood.

Among the latest arrivals at Chemong Park Hotel are: Mr. W. G. Sabin, Dr. and Mrs. Whiteside of Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bliss of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. James M. Irwin of Nassau, Mrs. Argles, Miss Mamie Hope of Toronto, Miss Irwin of Nassau, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Thompson of Duluth, Minn.; Miss Alice Pretty of Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Florence Burley of Chicago, Mrs. Christolm and Miss Alice Christolm of Berlin, Ont.; Mrs. Mulholland, Miss Craick, Mr. Arnott Craick and Master Arthur Mulholland of Port Hope, Mr. T. C. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Armstrong of Oaks Corners, N.Y.

Mr. C. E. Burkholder of Hamilton, Rev. E. and Miss Lewis of Edith, Eng., Messrs. C. Stuart, A. B. Wilkie, and George Hamby of Toronto, Mr. E. A. Jones of Massillon, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Pudd of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. W. V. Taylor of Gannacque, Mr. William Bull of Montreal, Mr. J. H. Bastedo of Toronto, Mr. M. Burton of Barrie, Mr. H. P. Eckardt of Toronto, Rev. Ed. Lanaba, Mr. and Mrs. Lanaba, Miss Lanaba, Mrs. E. Wheeler of Chicago, Messrs. J. W. Campbell, R. A. Bull and J. B. Thompson of Toronto are at the Belvidere Hotel, Parry Sound.

A very jolly party of Belvidere guests, consisting of Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. H. P. Eckardt of Toronto, Mr. Rudd, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Wood of Cleveland, Mr. Craven of Dayton, Mr. Weldon of Cuero, Texas, Mr. Bastedo of Toronto and Dr. Addison of S. George, left by the steam launch Carleton for a day's fishing at Blackstone Lake. They arrived at the lake after a short run, after which they began their day's enjoyment. The day was all that could be desired, and after a very successful catch



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TORONTO

R. SIMPSON

they returned home with some of the finest bass caught this season, notwithstanding the fact that the largest fish escaped.

A Goderich correspondent writes as follows: Mrs. Attrell, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton and the Misses Attrell, accompanied by Mr. E. Attrell and a party of friends from Toronto, are spending the summer at their palatial summer home, Ridgewood Park, and entertained last month one hundred guests from Goderich at a charming dance. Miss May Allan, only daughter of Mr. A. McD. Allan, gave a most enjoyable party for sixty of her young friends at her father's beautiful home on August 9; the house and grounds were beautifully decorated and a most pleasant evening spent by the young people present. On August 2, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were at home to over two hundred friends, when with refreshments served in the beautifully laid out grounds and the band in attendance, the guests of the genial doctor and his popular wife spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Another social event was the dance given at the residence of U.S. Consul Chilton by his daughter, Miss Adah Chilton, in honor of her brother, R. Chilton of Washington, who leaves shortly for Armenia, where he will act as Consul. No less than six fashionable weddings will take place in Goderich between August 26 and October 4, of which accounts will be sent later on. The guests of the Point Farm summer hotel gave a most amusing ghost party this month, at which the guests of the ever-popular hotel spent a very exciting and jolly evening. Point Farm and all the other summer hotels and boarding-houses of this town are full of summer boarders, who unanimously pronounce Goderich the pleasantest summer resort in Ontario.

The many friends of Mrs. William Pearson, Jr., who with her husband is summering at Center Island, will be glad to hear she has fully recovered from her sudden illness of last week.

Mr. William Morrison of St. George street is spending his vacation at Center Island.

Mrs. Miss and Master Arthur Wilson of Avenue street have returned to town from their summer trip.

Miss Tilley of Ottawa, who has been the guest of Mrs. George J. Mason for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. de Lotbiniere Macdonald of Montreal was in town last week.

Mr. H. McMillan, manager of the Standard Bank, Parkdale, has been spending his holiday at Old Orchard Beach.

The Gloucester Outing Club treated a select party of friends to a picnic on the lake shore near Mimico, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Brown. After a very enjoyable outing all retired to Sunnyside, where singing and dancing were resumed to a delightful orchestra. Among those present were: Miss Victoria Gimson, Miss Elsie Ross, Miss Maud Cameron, Miss Carrie Drummond of Perth, Miss Led-

yard, Miss Ella Gimson, Miss McKenzie, Miss Pallin, Miss A. Johnston, Miss Ella Scott, Miss Pack, Messrs. Flood, Tom Christie, Donald McKenzie, Robert Pack, Ralph Jones, Ledyard, Easson, McLean, Harry Temple and Wilson.

Archdeacon Houston of Niagara Falls conducted the services of St. Mark's church, Parkdale, last Sunday, in the absence of the rector, who is in Penetanz, with his family, spending a month in Rev. Mr. Kingston's place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carlon of Peterboro' are visiting friends in town.

The three corners of Jarvis and Wellesley streets are looking most lovely this summer, so lovely that except for short outings their residents don't seem to care to leave them. Mr. Hart Massey's lawn is beautiful with palms, stately white lilies and dozens of fine plants. Euclid Hall never looked so well. Florsheim, across corner, is also full of flowers and fragrance, hedges of sweet peas in full bloom, and all sort of charming flowers, and is presided over by the two elder daughters of the home during the absence of Mrs. Taylor in Europe. I hear Miss Ethel Taylor has been a privileged pupil of the renowned Herr Krause in Germany. By the way, Miss Mary Mara was lodged in a pension once occupied by Wagner, an atmospheric inspiration.

Herr Rudolf Ruth was in town this week looking very brown and well after many weeks spent on the shores of Lake Simcoe.

Signor and Mrs. Teaseman, who are cooly settled at Sherbourne street, are convinced that Toronto is a charming place to stay in for the summer. Mrs. Teaseman is a cultured and refined lady whose friends appreciate her addition to Toronto's long list of pleasant people.

A frequent visitor to Toronto this summer is Mrs. Smith, wife of the Colonel in command at Fort Niagara, N.Y. Mrs. Smith, with a friend or two, often takes the sail over to spend a few hours with us. On Thursday a large party from the Fort came over and did the city in the Tally-ho coaches.

Mr. Harold Jarvis sang at the Sunday services at Carlton street Methodist church last Sunday. His grand voice was a great treat to this music-loving congregation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick are at the Island.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hemming of Sultan street will be pleased to hear of the distinction won by Miss Donald McFee, sister of Mrs. Hemming. Miss McFee has just had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred on her by the University of Zurich, the highest degree yet obtained by any Canadian lady. The degree of Ph. D. has recently been granted by the University of Göttingen to Miss Chisholm of London, Eng., and later to Miss Maltby of Boston, Mass., and now the fair fame of Canada has been upheld by Miss McFee. After graduating in McGill University

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Miss McFee spent a year as post-graduate student in Cornell University, subsequently prosecuting the study of philosophy under the celebrated Professors Vundt and Lupke for two years in Leipzig, Germany. As that university does not grant degrees to women she went to Zurich, where she has just received the degree of Ph.D. with honors. Miss McFee is a thorough linguist, having read and passed her examinations in the foreign tongues. Mrs. Hemming and family are at present summering in the Adirondacks.

Mr. D. A. McMichael of New York is visiting relatives in this city.

Messrs. Bosworth and Hamilton left on Friday noon with a party of gentlemen for a week's fishing in Lake Nipissing.

Mrs. Bosworth and Mrs. Hamilton are at the Thousand Islands, where they will remain until joined by their husbands for an extended trip to Quebec and elsewhere.

Mrs. M. J. Kelly and family, of Gerrard street, are spending the summer at Balm Beach.

Mr. Percy Willmott of the Lancashire Insurance Company's staff has gone on the Mackinac trip, and will afterwards spend some time camping at Bala, Muskoka, with the Big "B" camp.

The bicycle lady is a feature of Island life. She skims over the green park, rides cheerfully along the sidewalks and runs races.

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CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

It doesn't take the Barrys, that is Susan, Dom, Carew, and Betty, a second after their guests have gone, to scamper down the road to the little green gate and beat upon it the tattoo that is the signal between them and Ella. And it takes only another moment for Ella herself to open the gate cautiously, whereupon she finds herself instantly with her hands full of cakes, and fruit and sweets, that they have brought her from their party; leaving the rest to the children, who had really behaved remarkably well all through the afternoon, thanks to the sombre Jacky, who had kept them under his unflinching eye.

"Well, we're alive," cries Betty. "Rather the worse for wear, but still in the land of the living. And really, it went off miraculously well—for us. Not even a fly in the cream. You saw us, I know. How did we look?"

"Oh, it was all so pretty; so pretty!" says Ella, a little sadly, perhaps, but with enthusiasm that leaves nothing to be desired. "Yes, of course, I saw you. I climbed up the tree. But," nervously looking at Susan, "I'm afraid they saw me."

"Certainly they saw you," says Carew, a little hotly. "Why shouldn't they?"

"Oh, no, I didn't want that. I am sorry," says Ella with evident distress. "I thought I was quite safe there—that no one could see me. But—Susan—did Mr. Wyndham see me?"

"Yes," says Susan gently. Ella's distress at once growing deeper, she goes on hurriedly, "But, as Carew says, why not? It is your own place—your own tree—and I have always said you ought to come out—and mix with us."

"No, no," hurriedly. All at once it seems to her that she must tell Susan the whole truth; how it is with her—and her horror of being discovered by that man—and the past sadness of her life, and the present loneliness of it. But not now; another time, when they are quite alone.

"The poet saw you at all events," says Dom. "He's not quite right in his head, poor old chap, and he got very mixed. He thought you were a Hindoo idol—"

"Dominick!" Betty turns upon him indignantly. "How disgracefully ignorant you are! After all papa's teaching! Hamadryads aren't Hindoo idols. They are lovely things. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, I am," says Mr. Fitzgerald, with resignation. "I really don't think I shall pass any exam."

"You don't try," says Susan, with a slight touch of anger. "You don't put your mind into your work. And it is such a shame towards father. Why don't you try?"

"He does try," says Betty angrily. She is so evidently on the defensive—on the side of the prisoner at the bar—that they all stare, a matter that brings her to her senses in a hurry. She to defend Dom, with whom she is always at daggers drawn! A gleam of pleasure in Dom's eyes enrages her and brings the crisis.

"He does try," repeats she. "But," with a glance at Dom meant to reduce him to powder, "he has no brains."

"The glance is lost. Dom comes up smiling. "You've got it," says he. And then, "Anyway, Miss Moore, our only poet thought you were a Sylvan Goddess. Will that do, Betty? Didn't he, Carew?"

"He's a fool," says Carew morosely. "Did you notice him, Ella?" asks Betty. "A little man with a dismal eye and a nose you could hang your hat on! If poets are all like that, defend me from them. He goes about as if he were searching for a corner in which to weep, and he looks as if—"

"E didn't know where he was," quotes Dom. "Yes, I saw him. He was sitting near you, Susan, and I saw Mr. Wyndham, and—"

She pauses, and a faint color steals into her cheeks. "Susan, who was that woman with the high things in her bonnet?"

"High things?" Susan looks puzzled and Ella goes on to describe Mrs. Prior's bonnet with more extreme accuracy.

"That was Mrs. Prior—Mr. Wyndham's aunt. Fancy your noticing her. Do you know, Ella, I can't bear her, or her daughter. They are all so—so unreal—so cruel, I think—"

But Ella is hardly listening. Her eyes are troubled. She is thinking—thinking. "It is strange," says she at last, "but somehow it seems to me as if I had seen her before. Not here—not now—but long, long ago. She makes a little movement of her hands as if driving something from her, then looks at Susan. "It is nonsense, of course. She is very pale and her smile is dull and lifeless. But—I have seen her somewhere in my past—or someone like her; but not so cold—so cruel."

"She is Mr. Wyndham's aunt," says Susan again. "Perhaps the likeness you see lies there."

"Perhaps so. But no, he is not like her," says the girl earnestly. "No, it is not Mr. Wyndham she reminds me of."

"My goodness, Susan," says Betty suddenly, "perhaps we should not have left all those cakes with the children. They will make themselves ill, and we shall have a horrid time to-morrow."

"Oh, and Bonnie!" says Susan, palling. She kisses Ella hurriedly and races home again up the quiet little shadowy road without waiting for the slower coming of those behind her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day May strip you bare as beggary itself."

"Is this thing true, George?"

"What thing?" asks Crosby.

"Oh, you know, you know. You," turning her cold eyes on him, with actual fury in their depths, "must have known it all along."

"My dear Mrs. Prior, if you would only explain."

Mrs. Prior motions him to a seat. She is already dressed for dinner, though it is barely

seven o'clock. She had, however, determined—after a stormy interview with Josephine on their return from the Rectory—on seeing Wyndham at once and demanding an explanation with regard to "that creature," as she called her. Wyndham, it seemed, however, had not yet returned. "Gone to see her, no doubt," cried Mrs. Prior, with ever rising wrath, and thus folled in her efforts to see him she had sent for her host, who, of course, being a bosom friend of Wyndham's and living down here, must have known all about it from the first.

"Do you think I need?" says she, with a touch of scorn. "Are you going to tell me deliberately that you do not know what this woman—is to Paul?"

"His tenant," says Crosby calmly. "What's the matter with that? Lots of fellows have tenants."

"That is quite true. It is also true that 'lots of fellows!' she draws in her breath as if suffocating, 'have—'

"Oh, come now!" says Crosby.

"You would have me mince matters," says she in her low, cold voice, that is now vibrating with anger. "It is inadmissible, of course, to mention things of this sort. But I have my poor girl's interest at stake, and I dare to go far—for her. This arrangement of Paul's down here, close to you—she gives him a sudden quick glance—"In the very midst of us, as it were, is a direct insult."

"So it certainly would be, if matters were as you suppose. I am confident, however, that they are not. I have Paul's word for it."

"Oh, a man's word, on an occasion such as this!"

"Well, I suppose a man's word, if you know the man, is as good on one occasion as another!" says Crosby. "And why should he lie to me about it? I have no interest in his tenants. If, as you seem to fancy, she is—"

"Oh, hush!" says Mrs. Prior, making an entreating gesture. "Don't speak so loud. That poor child of mine—that poor, poor child—is there, pointing to the door on her left. And if she heard this—it would almost kill her, I think."

Mrs. Prior throws a little tragedy into her pale blue eyes. "Her heart is deeply concerned—is filled, indeed, with Paul! As you know, George, for years this engagement has been thought of."

"Engagement?"

"Between," a little impatiently, but solemnly, "Paul and—"

She stops as if by heart-broken and covers her face with her handkerchief.

"Virginia," is on the tip of Crosby's tongue, but by a noble effort he swallows it.

"My unhappy Josephine," says Mrs. Prior, having commanded her grief. "For myself, I cannot see what the end of this thing will be."

"It's an unlucky name beyond doubt," says Crosby, growing historical. "I don't think I'll christen another—h'm—I mean, I don't think it is a good name to call a girl by, don't you know; but I fail to see where the unhappiness comes in this time!"

"Don't you? Do you imagine my poor child would wed a man with such disgraceful antecedents? I had thought of the marriage for next year; but now! And dear Shangarry had so set his heart on a union between my girl and Paul. Only last month he was speaking to me about it. It will be a horrible blow to the poor old man. Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if he disinherited Paul on account of it."

Here she looks steadily, meaningly at Crosby. It is a challenge. Crosby quite understands that he is to convey to Wyndham that he is to give up his tenant, or else Mrs. Prior will declare war upon him and prejudice the old man, his uncle, against him.

"On account of what?" asks he, unmoved. "Because he has a tenant in his cottage, or because—?"

"Oh, tenant!" Mrs. Prior makes a swift movement of her white and beautiful hands.

"Or, because—?"

She interrupts him again as he had expected. He had no desire whatever to go on; to say to her "because he will probably refuse to marry your daughter," would have been a little too broad. He had risked the beginning of his speech with a hope of frightening her into some sort of propriety. But he had failed.

"There will be a scandal," says she with determination.

"Not unless somebody insists upon one," Crosby crosses one leg over the other with a judicial air. "And scandals are so very vulgar."

"Quite the most vulgar things one knows—but they do occur for all that. And if Shangarry once knew that Paul so much as wavered in his allegiance to Josephine he would be very hard to manage."

"But, has it then gone so far as that?"

"Far! What can be farther? A girl—a young girl, and—well, I daresay there are some who would call her beautiful—kept in seclusion; called for decency's sake his tenant—"

"Oh, that!" says Crosby. "I wasn't alluding to that. I mean, has this affair between your daughter and Wyndham gone so very far? Is this engagement you hint at—a thing accomplished? Has it been settled? He leans towards her in a strictly confidential manner.

"Any words said?"

"Oh, words! What are words?" says Mrs. Prior. "Deeds count, not words. And all our world knows how attentive he has been to my poor child for years."

"This is a slip, and she is at once conscious of it. "Years! Bad sign," says Crosby, stroking his chin.

"I don't know what you mean by that," irritably, and with a view to retrieving her position. "The longer the time, the greater the injustice—the injury afterwards. I feel that my poor darling is quite compromised over this affair. I need hardly tell you, George, who know her, and how attractive she is—"

Crosby nods feelingly, and she hopes offers up a prayer for pardon—that she has refused many and many a magnificent offer because she believed

herself pledged surely, if unspokenly, to her cousin. Her great attachment to him—all at once Crosby sees Josephine's calm, calculating eyes and passionless manner—"has been, I now begin to fear, the misfortune of her life; because certainly—yes, certainly, he led her to believe, all along, that he meant to make her his wife."

"Well, perhaps he does," says Crosby. "What! And do you imagine I would submit to—to that establishment—whilst my daughter—"

She buries her face in her handkerchief. "Shangarry will be so grieved," says she. This is a second threat, meant to be conveyed to Wyndham. Crosby represses an inclination to laugh. After all, she has chosen, poor woman, about the worst man in Europe for her ambassador. To him, Mrs. Prior's indignation is as clear as day. With his clear common sense he thus reads her:

She has doubts about Wyndham's relations with his pretty tenant, but she has deliberately set herself to believe the worst. The worst of her, however, would not be the immoral attitude of the case, but the dread that the girl would inveigle Wyndham into a marriage with her, and so spoil her daughter's chance. The girl, as she saw her through the spreading branches, was very beautiful, and Josephine—well! There was a time when she was younger, fresher.

"I really think, Mrs. Prior, you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill," says he presently. "I assure you, I think this young lady, now living in the Cottage, is nothing more nor less than Wyndham's tenant. Why make a fuss about it? I am sure if you ask Wyndham—by the bye, why don't you ask him?"

"Because he refuses me the opportunity," says Mrs. Prior. "I sent for him. He was not to be found. He purposely avoids me this evening. But he shall not do so to-morrow! I am his aunt; I have every right to speak to him on this disgraceful subject."

"Not disgraceful, I trust," says Crosby, who is now devoutly thanking his stars that Mrs. Prior is not his aunt.

"Utterly disgraceful, when I think of how he has behaved to my poor trusting girl—"

"Still," says Crosby thoughtfully, "you tell me there were no words said."

"No actual words!"

"Ah—the others are so useless," says Crosby. Mrs. Prior lifts her eyes to his for a moment. Real emotion shines in them; and all at once Crosby is conscious of a sense of shame! Poor soul, however mistaken, however contemptible her trouble—still it is trouble, and therefore worthy of consideration.

"I can see you are not on my side," says she at last. "You have no sympathy with my grief, and yet you might have. I have had many griefs in my time, George, but this is the worst of all. To have my daughter thus treated. Of course after this I could not—I really believe I could not sanction her marriage with Paul."

She pauses, and delicately dabs her handkerchief into her eyes. Her hopes of a marriage between her daughter and Wyndham have been at such a low ebb for a long time that there is scarcely any harm in declaring now her determination not to wed her daughter to her cousin at any price. If things should take a turn for the better, if her threats about informing Shangarry should take effect, she can easily get out of her present attitude.

"Yes—such troubles!" She dabs her eyes again. "First my sister's terrible marriage with a perfectly impossible person—you know all about that, George—poor, dear Eleanor—and then my father's will, leaving everything to Eleanor and her children, though he had so often excommunicated her, as it were. And the trouble with that will. The searching here and there for Eleanor—poor Eleanor—such awful trouble—advertisements, and private enquiry people, and all the rest. As you know, it is only quite lately that certain information of her death without issue having come to hand, I have been enabled to live."

"Yes, I know," says Crosby. He is on his very best behavior now.

"You have always appreciated my sweet girl at her proper worth, at all events," says Mrs. Prior, dabbing her eyes for the last time and emerging from behind her handkerchief with wonderfully pale lids.

"I have. I have indeed," exclaims Crosby warmly. Anything to pacify her! His manner is so warm, so ardent, that Mrs. Prior pauses, and her mind starts on another track. With rapidity her thoughts fly back and then forward. Crosby is quite as good a match as Paul, if one excludes the title. And perhaps—who knows—

"George," says she softly, but with emotion, "perhaps you think me hard. But a mother—and that dreadful girl lives there alone in his house—and he visits her—and—can you still, from your heart, tell me that she—"

She breaks off as if quite overcome and unable to go on.

"I can tell you this, at all events," says Crosby, "that she does not live alone. Wyndham has engaged a lady to be a companion to her."

"Paul!" Mrs. Prior turns her eyes, moist with her late emotion, on him, eyes now full of wrath. "Is she an imbecile, then, this girl? Must Paul engage a keeper for her? What absurd throwing of dust in the eyes of the world!"

"A companion, I said."

She throws him a little contemptuous glance, and with agitation begins to pace up and down the room. "A nice companion! They are well met, no doubt!" cries she suddenly. "This 'companion' and her charge. I tell you, George, I shall get at the root of this."

"I don't think you will have to go very deep," says Crosby.

"You think it is so much on the surface as that? I don't. And I shall take measures. I shall know what to do."

There is something so determined in her air as she says this that Crosby looks at her with some consideration. What is she going to do? But she is looking down upon the carpet, and is evidently thinking. Yes—she knows what she will do. She will go to that girl to-morrow and tell her plainly what her position is. She will so speak, and so argue, that if the girl is, as George Crosby pretends to suppose, a virtuous girl, she will frighten her out of her present position. And if she is what Mrs. Prior, with horrible hope, determines she is,

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well then, no harm will be done, but the "little establishment," as she calls it, will infallibly be broken up. There is another thought, however. Crosby just now had spoken almost tenderly of Josephine. If there is the smallest chance of Crosby's being attracted by her, Mrs. Prior feels that she could stay proceeding with regard to Paul with a most willing hand. If not! Anyway, there is a whole evening to think it over.

"What do you think of doing?" asks Crosby at this moment a little anxiously. To attack Wyndham before them all, downstairs. . . . That would be abominable, and yet he would hardly put it beyond her.

"Ah! that lies in the future," says she. She rises languidly from the chair into which she has sunk and smiles at him. "I am afraid I am keeping you from your other guests."

"Not at all, not at all," says Crosby amiably. "You are keeping me only from my man, and my tie, and the rest of it."

He bows himself hurriedly, but amiably, out of the room.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Where jealousy is the jailer, many break the prison, it opening more ways to wickedness than it stoppeth."

It is indeed perilously near the dinner hour! Mrs. Prior, after a few words with Josephine—who had evidently had her dainty ear applied to the key-hole, and who is distinctly sulky—had gone downstairs and into the smaller drawing room, where she finds a group on the hearth-rug gathered around a little, but friendly autumn fire, discussing all in heaven and earth. They have evidently come down to earth as she enters, because the name of Susan Barry is being waited to and fro.

"Oh! she's lovely—lovely!" Lady Forster is saying with enthusiasm. "Such eyes, and with such a funny expression in them sometimes; sometimes when she isn't so dreadfully in earnest, as she generally is. After all, perhaps the earnestness is her charm! She is certainly the very sweetest thing—George!"

She turns, looks around her, and finding Crosby not present, laughs and makes a little gesture with her hands. "George will never be able to go back to his niggers!" In her heart, being devoted to her only brother, she hopes this will be the case.

"If you don't take care she will marry your brother," says Miss Prior from her low seat. She is protecting her complexion from the light of the big lamp near her by a fan far bigger than the lamp.

"Well, why not?" says Lady Forster, who detests Josephine.

"A girl like that—a mere nobody—the daughter of an obscure country parson."

"Oh! not so very obscure," says Lady Muriel in her gentle way. "Mr. Barry is very well connected; I have met some of his people."

"Still—hardly a match for Mr. Crosby," Josephine waves her fan lightly, yet with a suggestion of temper. Her mother, who has subsided into a seat, listens with an interest that borders on agitation to the answer to this speech. On it hangs her decision about the girl at the Cottage. If Crosby's people support Crosby in his infatuation for that silly child at the Rectory, then—nothing is left to Josephine.

"Do you know," says Lady Forster, "I don't feel a bit like that. Let us all be happy in my motto. I think," thoughtfully, "I am not sure, mind you, but I think if George wanted to marry a barmaid or something like that, I should enter a gentle protest. But if he has set his heart on this delightful Susan . . . Isn't she a heart, Muriel? Such a ducky child."

"I thought her delightful, and her brother too," says Lady Muriel, laughing at Katherine's exaggerations. "She is decidedly pretty, at all events. Even more than that."

"Oh, a great deal more," says Captain Lennox, who has come into the room with some of the other men.

"And of very good family, too," says Lady Milbank, who is dining with them. The Barrys, as has been said, are a connection of hers, but always up to this—on account of their poverty—scarcely acknowledged, and kept carefully in the shade. But now, with this brilliant chance of a marriage for Susan, she is willing to bring them suddenly into the fuller light.

"But penniless!" puts in Josephine carefully.

"Ah! what do pennies matter?" says Lady Forster sweetly, but with a faint grin at her husband, who is near her. He, too, feels some affection for the stately Josephine. "And if George fancies her—why, it will keep him from marrying a squaw. They don't call them squaws in Africa, do they? Something worse, perhaps!"

"Not much difference," says Captain Lennox. "But the squaws as a rule wear more clothing than the Zulu ladies, and that might perhaps—"

"Oh, good heavens!" says Lady Forster. "It might indeed. If they wear less petticoats than the dear old squaws. . . . And if he should bring one here. Fancy her advent into one's drawing-room. People would go away."

"I don't think so. I really don't," says Captain Lennox reassuringly. "I believe honestly you might depend on 'people' to support you under the trying circumstances. What are friends for—if—"

"Oh, well, I couldn't stand it, if you could," says Lady Forster, with a glance at him. "And I don't want George to marry a nasty Zulu, anyway. What do you think, Billie Taylor?" to her husband. "Isn't Susan nicer than a Zulu woman?"

"I've not had much experience," says Sir William lazily. "But I daresay you're right."

"But listen! Isn't it better for George to marry Susan than to go out there again, and perhaps give you a sister-in-law 'mit nodings' on her?"

"It's very startling," says Lennox.

"Take time, Billy, before answering; you might commit yourself."

"Really the question is," says Josephine, in her cold, settled way, "whether it would be wise to encourage a marriage so distinctly one-sided in the way of advantage as that between—"

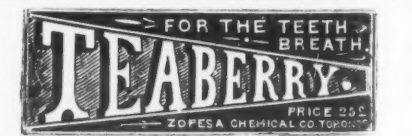
"Yes, yes, yes," interrupts Lady Forster impatiently. "But if George goes away again I have a horrid feeling that he won't come back at all. You see he is too much one of us, to bring into our midst a dusky bride. And men have married out there. And if he likes this charming child, and she likes him. . . . People should always marry for love, I think, eh, Billie?" turning to her husband.

"I always think as you do," says the wise man.

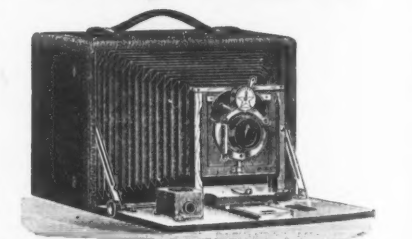
"Billie Barlow! What an answer!" She looks aggrieved, and throws up her little dainty fairy-like head. "Do you think I'd have married you if I hadn't—liked you?"

"Was that why you married me?" asks he, laughing, and bent on teasing her.

"No." She turns her back on him. "I don't"



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know why I married you except—that you were the biggest duffer in Europe!"

Forster roars.
"I'm glad I'm the biggest," says he. "It's well to be great in one's own line."
"Well, that's where it is," says Lady Forster, returning with perfect equanimity to the original subject. "And if it comes off, Susan will be a perfect sister-in-law. One has to think of oneself, you know! And what I dwell on is, that I'll have the greatest fun bringing her out in town. I've thought it all over. She will have a regular boom! There won't be a girl next year in it with her. I know all the coming debutantes, and she could give them miles and beat them."

Miss Prior laughs curiously, and Lady Forster looks at her.

"You think?"

"That you are the most disinterested sister on earth, or—"

"Well?"

"The most selfish."

Lady Forster, who is impetuous to a fault, makes a movement as if to say something crushing—then restrains herself. After all, it is her brother's house—this girl is her guest.

"Oh, not selfish!" says she sweetly. "I have a strange fancy that George adores her."

"Strange fancies are not always true," says Miss Prior. "Sir William, do you agree with Katherine about this adoration?"

Sir William shrugs his shoulders. How should he know?

"Oh, Billie's a fool!" says Lady Forster, in her plaintive voice. "Aren't you, Billie?"

"My darling! You forget I married you," says Forster in his tragic tone, whereat she rolls her handkerchief into a little ball and throws it at him.

Mrs. Prior, who had sat on a lounge near the door listening silently to this conversation, now makes up her mind. There is nothing to be hoped from Crosby! To-morrow, then, she will see this "tenant" of Paul's, though all the guardians and chaprines in Europe rise up to prevent her.

"But are you really so sure that your brother is in love with Miss Susan?" asks Lennox of Lady Forster in a low tone, unheard by the others.

"No, I'm not!" declares she, with astounding frankness. "I only wanted to be a tiny bit nasty to Josephine, who I'm sure has her eye on him in case another complication falls."

No indeed!—sighing—"no such luck. Wanderers like George are like confirmed gamblers or drunkards, or that sort of extraordinary person. They are beyond cure. I'm sure that in spite of all that pretty Susan's charms he will go back to his nasty blacks and his lions, and his general tomfoolery."

(To be Continued.)

Books and Authors.

Mr. Ernest Heston, B.A., has had issued from The Week Publishing Co. (Ld.), a little book in which he grapples with Canada's Problem. Since receiving it I have not had time to read it, but a five-minute glance through its pages has convinced me that it is well worth the attentive perusal of thoughtful people. After giving it the careful reading which its contents deserve, a further reference will be made to it.

The curiosity of the British public is stirred by the announcement that Mr. Lane will soon issue a new volume of poems by Frederick Tennyson. Mr. Tennyson is the eldest son of the family of which the laureate was the third born, and hence cannot be far short of ninety.

According to an English authority Herr Nordau is now at work upon a novel. He is not going to write another philosophical work for some years, we learn. He does not want, he says, to be nailed down to any speciality. When the novel is finished he is going to write a play, and after that perhaps another novel. He began writing, we are told, when he was twelve years old, and was writing for money at fourteen.

Mme. Anna Seuron, who was Count Tolstol's housekeeper for ten years, has been showing up the count in an Italian journal. The lady does not mince her words, and boldly declares that he preaches better than he practices; that his philanthropy is no more above suspicion than his vegetarianism; he is readier with advice than with more substantial help, and instead of bread has been known to offer his workmen readings from his works, during which they forgot their troubles in refreshing slumber.

To a moderate degree The Green Carnation proved a sensation. Not that anybody thought that literature was advanced in the slightest extent by Mr. Hignens' effort to produce something out of the ordinary, or that the moderately intelligent reader believed that "smartness" cannot be easily carried to the point of weariness. But there was a mild stimulant in the reflection that the author was lashing society with a whip of scorpions and there were not wanting those who imagined that they read between the lines and recognized many familiar faces in the caricatures. Mr. Hignens has further contributed to literature and in his novel An Imaginative Man he has been pleased to pursue the line of thought developed by the little flutter over The Green Carnation. The hero is a morbidly constituted fellow with a craze for whatever he may fancy to be difficult to understand. In pursuit of this aim in life he marries a young woman who has puzzled him. As soon as he discovers that his wife is, after all, easy to comprehend, his love for her—if he had any—vanishes. Then the story shifts to the winter trip to Egypt and begins and absurdly ends with the man's devotion to and adoration of the Sphinx. The tone of the book is so ridiculously pessimistic, the characters in the main are so uninteresting, either in their gentle dullness or in their exaggerated morbidity or wickedness, and the action of the story is so slight that An Imaginative Man demands the most superficial treatment. Mr. Hignens has the fault of a certain class of writers recently developed in assuming that people carry on a conversation in epigrams. The reader is "epigrammed" to death. Long before the first hundred pages are concluded he is perfectly



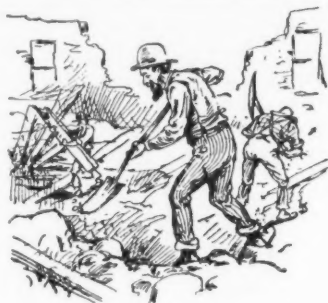
Wallie—Say, Cholly, lend me five dollars, will you?
Cholly—Why, me deah fellah, I was just going to ask the favor of you.
Wallie—Is that so? Well, great minds often flow in the same direction, you know.
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Father and Son Cured.

The Village of Whitechurch Develops a Sensation.

The Father Attacked With Rheumatism and the Son With St. Vitus Dance—A Story That Can be Vouched For by all the Neighbors. From the Wingham Advance.

Mr. Joseph Nixon is the proprietor of the only hotel in the village of Whitechurch, and is known to the whole countryside as a man who thoroughly understands his business, and a jovial companion as well. It is well known in this part of Ontario that Mr. Nixon's hotel was destroyed by fire, but with that energy which is characteristic of him he quickly set to work to rebuild. His story, as told a reporter of the Wingham Advance, who recently had occasion to visit his hostelry, will prove of interest. "I was helping to dig out the cellar," he said, "and in the dampness and cold I contracted rheumatism, which settled in my right hip. It got so bad that I couldn't sit in a chair without doubling my leg back at the side of the chair, and I couldn't ride in a buggy without letting the affected leg hang out. I suffered a great deal more from the trouble than anyone who has not been similarly affected can



"I was helping dig out the cellar."

imagine. How I was cured is even more interesting. One day I saw a neighbor whom I knew had rheumatism very bad, running down the road. I called him and asked what had cured his rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he promptly replied, and that determined me to try the same remedy. Well, the result is Pink Pills cured me, and that is something other medicines failed to do. I don't know what is in them, but I do know that Pink Pills is a wonderful medicine. And it is not only in my own case," continued Mr. Nixon, "that I have reason to be grateful for what the medicine has done. My son, Fred, about twelve years of age, was taken with an attack of cold. Inflammation of the lungs set in and as he was recovering from this, other complications followed which developed into St. Vitus dance, which got so bad that he could not possibly stand still. We gave him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that he is now thoroughly cured, and looks as though he had never had a day's sickness in his life, and if these facts, which are known to all the neighbors, will be of benefit to anyone else, you are at liberty to publish them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripple, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and

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She—I presume the country editor's pathway is not strewn with flowers? He (pleasantly)—No, not exactly; but we stumble on a bushel of potatoes occasionally, or a cord of wood.



Wallie—Say, Cholly, lend me five dollars, will you?
Cholly—Why, me deah fellah, I was just going to ask the favor of you.
Wallie—Is that so? Well, great minds often flow in the same direction, you know.
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sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Enough to Provoke a Saint.

Truth.

A young man, in an outing shirt and straw hat, was wheeling a baby-carriage back and forth along the pavement in front of a certain flat in Brooklyn. The hot afternoon sun poured pitilessly down upon him and he was as angry as any man in the city.

"My dear," came a voice from the upper window of the house.

"You go to thunder!" he shrieked back.

"Let me alone, can't you?" And he went on wheeling and mopping his face.

An hour later the same voice came from the same window in earnest, pleading tones:

"George, dear!"

"Well, what in the deuce do you want?" he shouted. "Have the water-pipes burst?"

"No, George, dear!" wailed the voice; "the water-pipes are all right, but you've been wheeling Lottie's doll all the afternoon. Hadn't you better let baby have a turn now?"

This was last week, but George is still in the hospital pending an examination as to his sanity.

Prepared For Emergencies.

Parson's Weekly.

A clergyman well known for his love of "horseflesh" was driving through a country village the other day, breaking in a new horse, when he overtook a doctor of his acquaintance on foot.

"Jump in, doctor," he cried, pulling up.

"I've got a horse here that it is a perfect treat to sit behind."

The doctor jumped in, and the parson drove off.

The horse was "a treat" in the sense of speed and skittishness, and presently stood stock-still and shot both hind legs underneath the trap, splitting it to pieces and throwing out both the occupants.

The doctor jumped to his feet, feeling himself

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Sandy—Goah, Bill, it's hot, ain't it?
Bill—Yes, it takes all der energy out of a feller.
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all over to see if he was injured. The man of cloth also got upon his feet.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor, "what on earth do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?"

"Well, you see," gasped the jovial cleric, "luckily there are no bones broken; but when breaking in a beggar like this I like to have a doctor with me!"

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Professional Amenities.

Truth.

Dr. Killem (indignantly)—What do you think? Shrouds, the undertaker, offered me twenty per cent. on all the business I would put in his way.

Dr. Pillem (dryly)—You'll be a rich man yet, Killem!

Bachelor—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. Married man—Yes. He has to.

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In the Open Air.

SHOULD a cricketer be allowed to play with more clubs than one? This is the question raised for discussion at present, and opinion so far seems against the proposition. To say, however, that members of the Toronto Club are the offenders is not borne out by the facts, for I do not think that any prominent member of that club has this year played with any other city team against an outside eleven. Before deciding that a man shall only play with one club in the friendly game of cricket, it is well to study the effect of such a rule. This year, for instance, Mr. A. H. Collins, while still retaining his membership in the Toronto Club, has joined Parkdale and has played almost entirely with that club. Mr. W. E. Dean of Parkdale, on coming home from McGill University for his vacation, joined not only his parent club but the Torontos, in order to get as much cricket as possible during his holidays. Many players can only escape from business Saturday afternoons, and if we tie students and men of leisure so that one man can play only with one club, they will naturally all join the club that can offer the greatest number of fixtures. The number of week-day matches would decrease; the cricket strength of this city would not be so well distributed as now. Outside players are seldom called into requisition unless difficulty is experienced in gathering up an eleven. A few years ago games were constantly being cancelled at the last minute, which out-of-town teams found very aggravating. Perhaps no prominent cricketer should be allowed to play under an assumed name with an eleven in which his presence would not be suspected. This is the real grievance. Most cricketers like to meet good players, but it is very trying for an outside eleven to find itself beaten by some giant of the game belonging to another club, and then to see that his bowling and batting are credited to some name never heard of before—as though the visitors had been routed by some nobody never heard of before or after. It is all right for a man to adopt a cricket name, but to use an alias only when he makes a duck, or when he plays outside his own eleven against out-of-town teams, is objectionable.

After careful deliberation I have decided that I should like to see the following players selected to play for Canada against the United States next month: Messrs. F. W. Terry (capt.), P. C. Goldingham, J. M. Linn, D. W. Saunders, M. Bristowe, J. Horstead, A. G. Chambers, G. S. Lyon, W. E. Dean, W. R. Wadsworth and A. F. R. Martin. It is not likely that the team will be chosen as above, for opinions differ very decidedly as to the qualifications of various men, and the Association committee when it meets may possess fuller information in regard to outsiders than an individual can have. Mr. H. G. Wilson of Winnipeg is well thought of; Messrs. Acland and Turton of Ottawa, Mr. Auden of Lennoxville College, and others at some distance will be considered. Batting has greatly developed in Canada this year, while bowling has, to say the least, not improved. This brings Mr. Gillespie of Hamilton into view and Mr. Kenny of Chatham, and Mr. W. H. Cooper of Trinity. Another who will stand a good chance of getting a place on the team is Mr. Mossom Boyd, while Mr. Wallace Jones may arrive home from England in time to play in the game if selected. Mr. D. Martin of Hamilton must have a pretty good batting average. Messrs. A. H. Collins and C. Leigh of Parkdale fell off decidedly in scoring during July. In regard to Messrs. Boyd and Gillespie, I would say that they do not appear to have shown sufficient devotion to cricket to carry off honors this season, and good enough as was Mr. Boyd's performance in Chicago, the playing of one week should not entitle a man to a place on the eleven. His average was but 12 for the week. Of course he has always been a sterling cricketer, and may play in such form in the important games of the next ten days as to warrant his selection. Some think he would captain the team well. Mr. Wadsworth has been doing little of late, yet he is so apt to bat, bowl and field brilliantly that his right to a place is unquestioned. Messrs. Chambers and Dean are new men and in proposing them it may be said that the batting record of the former for the season must be overlooked if he is ignored. Mr. Dean is a strong, hard, left-hand hitter, who, if sent in at the right moment by a discreet captain with instructions to hit everything right on the nose, might do great service. He has a higher batting average than most of those who will be chosen, and has got most of his runs against the best clubs he has met. In the field he can save no end of views; he is unsurpassed at any point on the green, and in the outfield has no equal among those whose names are mentioned for

selection. He could qualify as a professional baseball outfielder.

Chicago has some of the finest sportsmen in America, a statement that will be endorsed by the people in the Bay of Quinte district, where the cricketers, captained by Mr. Helliwell, made a tour a few weeks ago, and also by the gentlemen who, captained by Mr. C. S. Hyman of London, visited Chicago a couple of weeks ago. The Wanderers of Chicago are now touring Ontario, and the games are arousing as much interest as the visit of the Philadelphians. When Mr. Hyman's team played the Wanderers in Chicago, the Canadians only won by one run. The statement made in a press despatch that the Wanderers tried to kill time in order to make that game a draw, greatly provoked the Canadians, it being a most unbecoming libel upon men who proved themselves perfect sportsmen. So far from delaying the game the Wanderers were excessively fair, and when a wicket fell the next batsman was not only ready, but ran out to the wicket, and the last three men were retired in four minutes, just as time was called. The Wanderers possess the true cricket spirit and are a vast welcome. They play Chatham, London, Paris, Rosedale, Toronto, Guelph, Berlin and Stratford. The tourists arrived in Toronto on Thursday night to play Rosedale on Friday and the Toronto Club to-day. It is to be hoped that large crowds will witness these games.

Last year the Rosedale and East Toronto Cricket Clubs played a game of baseball, and the former won. The game was due to the enthusiasm of Mr. G. S. Lyon of International cricket fame, who has had a great fancy for baseball ever since he played third base for the Petunias of this city against the Sweet Peas of Hamilton in 1892. In that year he succeeded by a series of fortunate happenings in scoring a run and in catching a fly, and all summer he has been trying to catch Manager Chapman's eye. Of late, life has been made unbearable for the Parkdale cricketers by the frequent challenges received to play against the nine that vanquished East Toronto last season, and Tuesday evening nine cricketers from the flowery suburb, after having the rules read to them, faced the flushed and arrogant victors. The result, as might be expected, favored the trained men from Rosedale, the score being 22 to 12. This outcome was due, not to the superior play of the Rosedallians, I am given to understand, but to an entirely extraneous and unthought-of cause. The Medical Health Officer was responsible, and not the ostensible victors, who split the sky with their cries of triumph, nor the umpire, who sprang intricate rulings upon the simple Parkdallians—the Medical Health Officer, Dr. Sheard, is responsible, because a year ago, fearing an epidemic of small-pox, he sent out men through the West End with vaccine points and Messrs. Hall, Collins and Black, the Parkdale outfielders, being vaccinated, could not catch anything. This is the excuse filed by the vanquished nine. They further claim that the ball supplied by Mr. Lyon was an eccentric sphere, very different in its habits from the circumspect cricket ball. It is thought that some electric contrivance in its inside caused it to veer suddenly to one side as it dropped in the outfield, and Duke Collins seized the ball when the game was over, intending to submit it for examination to Dr. Ellis, official analyst, whose report may not be expected in a few days.

Mr. D. W. Saunders made 106 against Parkdale on Saturday afternoon. It was a beautiful innings, after a chance had been given when the batsmen had made a couple. Mr. Goldingham made 41 and Mr. Linn 36. The eleven batted for three hours, and the opposing eleven did not get to bat at all. At this time of year, with the days shortening and batsmen

in good form, it is little use beginning a game at 3 p.m.

The officials of Parkdale and Chatham Clubs have exchanged sincere letters of regret in regard to the anonymous newspaper correspondence relating to the recent game.

A correspondent has sent in a very clever and humorous, but too lengthy account, of how the Jarvis street Baptist church choir defeated the Lorne Park residents in a game of baseball. I gather that it was a great game, replete with incident, sharps and flats.

The postponed yachting race for the Walker cup will likely be sailed on Labor Day.

The professional bicycle races at Hanlan's Point to-night, under the electric lights, will excite great interest. John S. Johnston may be depended upon to show us what he can do.

The Wanderers' meet at the Island on August 23 and 24 is sure to develop some racing, for the entries allowed in show a surprising list of fast men, and everyone knows that the track is fast.

SCRUTATOR.

Dramatic Notes.

That the Toronto theater-going public are to have one of the handsomest places of amusement on the continent in the new Princess Theater, which is nearing completion, is certain. Judging from the extensive preparations that are being made, this new play-house will equal many of those in New York in point of beauty and cosiness, and with such high-class attractions as are now booked for the coming season should enjoy the success it deserves and be a popular society resort. Mr. Frank Connolly, who will assume control of the Princess as manager, may be commended to the citizens of Toronto in hearty terms. Mr. Connolly is a young gentleman of exceptional ability, having been associated with enterprises of the highest class, and will doubtless handle the new theater with activity and cleanliness. Mr. Connolly should speedily become a popular favorite with theater-goers. The new house will be opened on Monday, September 2, by Mr. Frederick Ward, who will present for the first time on any stage the great drama Runnymede. Mr. Ward's scenic artists were engaged nearly a year on the scenery for this production, and the sets are said to be exquisite.

Those who have seen Percy and Harold once will not miss an opportunity of seeing them again, and I think Manager Small has been fortunate in securing this pair of eccentric comedians to open the Toronto Opera House on

Monday evening. Ward and Vokes as Percy and Harold are known all over America and are talked about, for they have no successful imitators. Although they deal in nonsense it is so irresistibly funny that no one can resist it, and much of their conversation last year when here was the most ludicrous I ever heard. It was late last season when they came out as stars, having previously traveled in vaudeville after appearing seven hundred nights in New York, and their success was so marked that they are putting on a new piece this season. A Run on the Bank it is called, and the plot seems splendidly adapted for Percy and Harold. These two gentlemen of unlimited nerve and experience get possession of the credentials belonging to two noblemen and proceed to make the most of the situation. They meet a rich banker and propose for the hands of his two daughters, and thus get control of the bank. The depositors become alarmed at the eccentric management and a run sets in, but all demands are smilingly met, and paid—with counterfeit money. The engagement will open with a special matinee Monday, and the regular matinees will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Here is the cast of characters:

Lord Percy Skakup	(Gentlemen of un-)	Happy Ward
Baron Harold De	(Limited nerve and)	Harry Vokes
Canter	experience	
Row Lane, created by nature		Johnny Page
Gen. Note Shaver		Al Balsam
Villie Chase, one of Pinkerton's best		Tony Williams
Comte Acker, a counterfeiter		Joe Kelley
Gen. Mann, a gentleman of leisure		A. R. Deagan
Ready Money, a Bank Runner		
Elle Most, a Dynamiter		
Eagle Eye, a Blind Man		
Adam Shave, a depositor		
Clive R. Trumps, a policeman		T. Wilmot Ecker
Luger Hops, a brewer		
Barley Corn, a rustic		Cyrus Riddell
Bill Coes, a Bar fly		
Nora Mann, a female book agent		Gilbert Learook
Sassy Moll, a tough girl		Marguerite Daly-Vokes
Hasty Writer, a private secretary		Lottie Moore
Estelle Shaver	(the banker's daughters)	Emma Berg
Belle Shaver		Isaacs Rea
Minnie Apples		Cora Carlisle
Carrie Romance	(friends of the family)	Lillian Maynard
Grace Church		Edith Kamann

Miss Julia Arthur, the accomplished Hamilton girl who plays in Sir Henry Irving's company, is now visiting her home in the Ambition City, having come over on the same steamer as Hero Hayhurst. Sir Henry Irving with his company will open his American tour in Montreal on September 16 and play in Toronto the following week.

Under the management of Davis & Keogh a new comedy-drama, by R. F. Stephens, entitled The White Hat, is being staged to-night for the first time in the National Theater, Philadelphia.

Their Great Freedom.



Marigold—You speak of the great freedom that you so-called emancipated women enjoy; what do you mean?

Mayflower—Why the freedom of our limbs of course. Just see my present attitude.

(Copyrighted.)

One Hundred Years Ago.

A Column of selections from Dibdin, as published in a collection of various Poems and Ballads, over a century ago.

What argues pride and ambition?
Soon or late Death will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.

Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow
The halter was made for the neck;
He that's now live and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretched on the deck.

There was little Tom Linckolk of Dover,
Got killed and left Polly in pain;
Polly cried; but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.

Jack Jank was ill-used by Bet Croker,
And so took to quizzing the stuff;
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And then he got liquor enough.

For our prize money then to the proctor,
Takes of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argues calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is a peak?

Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
He that's now live and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretched on the deck.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

We bided made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
And, though brisk and merry to-day,
We may all be unhappy to-morrow.

For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Least pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor anything pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
To whom truth and honor are given.

But honor and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh, and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly;
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.

That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine risk and fun to be grieving;
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A plague on those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.

A can of good stuff! had they twined it
'Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
And spite of the rules
Of the schools

The old fools
Would have all of 'em swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Returned with abundance of wealth,
Cried: "Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink," said I, "Father, your health."

So I showed him the stuff and he twined it,
And it set the old dodger agog,
And he swigged, and mother,
And sister and brother,

And I swigged, and all of us swigged it
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behold him I curiously sneak,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk—

I showed him the stuff and he twined it,
And it soon set his reverence agog,
And he swigged, and Nick swigged,
And I swigged, and all of us swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em even more valiant the brave.

As for me, from the moment I twined it,
The good stuff has set me agog.
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,

Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've constantly swigged it,
And damme, there's nothing like grog.

Since by cutting of notes all our glories increase,
Of war let us sing; because why? it brings peace:
Of hacking and hewing, in front and in rear,
Of some kill by the sword and some dying through fear.

Death alive! what sweet slaughtering and cutting and
hacking,
Is it honor you seek, won't you go to the wars?
When Death his long scythe bathes in gore to the hills,
And whips heads from shoulders so clever,
And where, should you have the good luck to be killed,
By my soul, you'll be living forever!

The army's drawn out, the confusion's begun,
While our arms shine so bright that they dazzle the sun:
Oh, the glorious sight! but the best of the joke,
The devil a soul are we seeing but smoke.

Like a will-o'-the-wisp, while our bosoms it fires,
See Glory lead on, over bushes and briars;
Pace, begone, *accipiter volans*! set like cup and ball,
Now 'tis here, and now there, and now nowhere at all.

That war is delightful then who can deny?
To be living forever, ah! who would not die?
Your fame's up from the moment I put you to bed,
And you grow a great man by the loss of your head.

A PAID COQUETTE.

Celia's an angel; by her face
The roses and lily's shamed;
The tresses of love's queen, for grace,
With here can ne'er be named.

The gods, cried one, that face with care
Formed in their best of humors;
What pity 'tis both face and hair,
Were bought at the perfumer's!

Celia hath sworn to love till death;
For words so full of bliss,
I could have longed, but for her breath,
To steal an ardent kiss.

Rapture itself is poor and cold,
To joy that discovers;
What pity she the same has told
To fifty other lovers!

Celia is young, behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe;
Mr. suit says she was just fifteen,
Some thirty years ago.

Tom youth and beauty's best delight
Sweet Celia are adorning;
For she a Venus is at night,
A Sybil in the morning.

At Bay

... BY WILLIAM BANKS, JR.

The gate of the prison in the great city of Jetsam closed with a bang, and James Faber, to the police authorities, and Maggy, to his associates, stood on its outer side, a free man. It was a beautiful summer day. It seemed to Maggy that he had never seen so blue a sky; had never felt so balmy a breeze nor heard the birds sing so sweetly. He laughed aloud. Not the harsh, sneering, cynical laugh, characteristic of the villain of the stage, but the jovial "ha! ha!" of the man whose heart is glad.

One year's incarceration had not told heavily upon him. Indeed, the regular hours, the daily portion of hard work, and the plain but wholesome food had almost completely restored a system run down by exposure and hardship. But it was good to be one's own master again, and he stepped out, toward the heart of the city, with a swinging stride and whistling a rollicking melody.

No thought of the future bothered him. That had been decided during the many long hours of solitary confinement, hours during which his busy brain had concocted new schemes whereby he might, on regaining his liberty, immediately resume, with some degree of safety, his calling of professional burglar.

Professional burglar! Many times during his imprisonment Maggy had repeated those words to himself, softly and with the lingering tenderness of one who repeats a compliment paid him by a friend. He recalled a time when he had been described on the police record as a loafer. Again he remembered an occasion when the one word "thief" had been inscribed after his name; but—and he stopped his whistling to laugh with joy at the thought of it—on the occasion of his trial for his last offence against the law, he had reached the height of his ambition. Even now he glowed with pride as, in fancy, he heard the Police Court clerk sing out his name with its aliases and add thereto the magic words, "professional burglar."

Half an hour's sharp walking brought him to a small street, in a very dingy-looking part of the city, and he stopped before a house over the door of which was a sign bearing the inscription, "Terence O'Toole, Boot and Shoe Maker."

At his knock the door was opened by O'Toole himself, who uttered one glad cry, "Maggy," and clasping him by the hand dragged him into the house.

The news soon spread that Maggy was home again. Maggy, the pride of "the District," as the locality was generally known; the man who unaided had whipped a policeman in a stand-up fight, and who had so often escaped the long arm of the law.

That night an impromptu dance was held in his honor at O'Toole's house. Those who attended showered their praises and congratulations on Maggy, and this pleased him greatly. But when Mariana, the daughter of the Italian who headed the string band which furnished the dance music, came to him and said in her broken English, "You can not tell what gladness I have to see you again," he was so overjoyed that he could not reply.

When the hilarity was at its height, and the absence of one or more of the guests was not noticed by those remaining, O'Toole drew Maggy into the hallway and there unfolded to him a plan by which, with some little hard work and the exercise of ordinary care, they might make a "great haul."

Crouching in the shadows at the foot of the staircase, Mariana listened to the men discussing the project, and her heart grew sick when she heard O'Toole say, "An' I'll bring my billy an' you kin carry de pistol. We can't take no chances."

Then the men went back to the dancers. Maggy looked around for Mariana, and not seeing her again passed into the hallway, and opening the door stood leaning against it, with his face turned to the sky.

There was a slight rustle behind him, then a hand was laid upon his shoulder and he turned his head to encounter Mariana's bold gaze. He did not speak to her roughly, as he would have done to any of the other women, for, in his own way, he loved the girl and knew that his affection was returned.

"Well?" he said gently.

"Oo, Maggy," she answered, "I did hear you—how you call it—yes, scheme the haul—" he flung her hand off roughly and turned on her, scowling. She continued rapidly, unheeding this rebuff, "An' I want you to make a say to me that you shall not take the pistol."

"Curse you," he almost yelled the words; "if it was any other woman I'd strangle her. You've spoiled the whole business."

She shrank back, holding out her hands as though to ward off a blow. The man stormed on for a few minutes, but the girl made no answer. Exasperated, he seized her by the wrist and dragged her toward him until their faces almost touched.

"Go and tell," he whispered fiercely, "go and tell the police so's they can run me in again. Leave me pistol behind," he continued contemptuously; "pretty smart, ain't yer? What cop's been making love to you?"

This roused the girl. She drew herself up proudly and answered back sharply enough: "You should already know me better. You do not know what you say."

"My, but you look fine so," admiringly; "but," and he scowled again, "what are you driving at?"

"I love you so, have I not already told you often? If someone shall be hurt and you are taken away again, what must I then do?"

It was some time before he replied. When he spoke again his voice was strangely gentle. "I won't promise not to take the pistol, but I'll promise not to load it, if that will suit you," and immediately he repeated his rash speech, but his word once given he would not retract it.

Mariana was delighted. "I know," she said, "that you will do what you say. Now come and dance with me."

At two o'clock one morning, a few weeks

after the dance, Maggy and O'Toole sat on the kitchen steps of Sir Henry Evelyn's city residence. They held a brief, whispered consultation, the result of which was that, after the cellar window had been pried open, Maggy entered alone.

It did not take him long to find his way up to the cellar door. Arrived there he opened it quietly, and listened closely for a few minutes, then passed into the kitchen. From there he found his way to the dining-room, where he lingered just long enough to flash his lantern around it and assure himself that there was considerable plate there. Then he passed into a room, a combination of a library and study, and quietly closed the door behind him. Here his examination was leisurely and thorough. There were books there by the hundreds, a larger library, in fact, than he had ever visited before. There were several small tables on which were papers, magazines, bric-a-brac, and on one some drawing materials and a half-finished sketch. Near the window was a great easy-chair, and Maggy thought how well Mariana would look seated in it. But close to the door by which he had entered, was the object of his search—a small safe—and when he caught sight of it he laughed softly. He knelt before it and examined it closely. The examination pleased him; the work promised to be easy compared with other undertakings of a like nature in which he had figured. He set the lantern at a convenient angle on the floor, put his hand in his pocket and—

The door opened slowly. With a low cry he rose, pulled out his pistol, cursing himself bitterly under his breath as he remembered that, true to his promise, he had not loaded it, shut off his lantern and waited.

A young woman, bearing in one hand a lighted lamp, entered the room.

To this day Maggy speaks with awe, and a certain amount of admiration, of the pale, handsome face, the sweet brown eyes with no sign of fear in them, the flowing auburn hair, the slight graceful figure, and the "beautiful" clinging dressing-gown which hardly covered her pretty feet.

She turned the light upon him and in mild surprise said:

"You are very pale. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid," he gasped. "My God! lady, if this pistol had been loaded I would have shot you."

"Then there is nothing to fear," sweetly. "You will not harm me now."

For a brief while they gazed at each other in silence. Then with a mixture of diffidence and eagerness she said abruptly: "What a splendid opportunity! Will you pose for me?"

"Pose? Ah! you do not understand. Allow me to draw a picture of yourself."

"Ha! and give it to the police so's I'll be 'pinched' again. Not if I know it, young lady. You'd better let me tie your hands and gag you. I'll do it so's not to hurt"—in an apologetic tone, noticing her startled glance.

"You will not do it at all," she retorted proudly, and a wave of color swept over her face. "I'm an Evelyn, and should you dare to touch me I will arouse the household."

The man was too astonished to reply. He stared at her in amazed silence and waved the pistol idly.

"Now," she continued quietly, "you need not be afraid. Should anyone intrude, I will be responsible for your safety. It is so hard," plaintively, "to find new subjects. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"That is right," gaily.

Something of her spirit seemed to have entered his, for he smiled at her good-naturedly, lit the gas, moved the great chair, noiselessly, to the position she pointed out, and then assumed an attitude according to her directions.

"Unless I scream, or some other great noise is made, no one can hear us," she assured him.

In the meantime O'Toole sat on the kitchen steps in an agony of suspense. Finally, after what seemed hours of waiting, he slipped through the open cellar window. After a few minutes of groping through the various rooms, he discovered a door-way from which a broad stream of light issued. Cautiously he crept along until on the threshold of that door, and then stopped, for he heard Maggy speaking.

"Yes, miss, I love her, and I done it to please her."

"And it probably saved my life," said a sweet voice thoughtfully.

"Yes," meekly.

O'Toole pulled his hair to make sure that his senses had not deserted him; and for the moment he was uncertain how to act. Then with the billy grasped tightly in his right hand he entered the room.

The girl saw him first and jumped from the great chair with a little gasp of fear, and looked appealingly to Maggy.

"It's all right, miss," said the latter reassuringly; "he's a friend of mine. I forgot to tell you that there was two of us on this job." Then turning to O'Toole he said, with an assumption of dignity: "Take a chair, Mr. O'Toole."

O'Toole dropped into the nearest chair and then turned to Maggy, perplexity and fear written on every feature of his face.

"It's all right," said Maggy; "I'll explain afterwards."

The young woman sat down again and took up pencil and sketching pad. With some little trouble Maggy re-assumed his pose; body bent forward, as though about to spring, lips slightly parted and eyes wide open as in fear, the pistol grasped in the right hand, the darkened lantern in the left.

The girl sketched rapidly, pausing now and then to glance over her work or make a suggestion to her model. O'Toole sat in stupefied silence. Occasionally he looked at Maggy with sorrowful eyes, but for the most part his gaze rested upon the graceful figure in the great arm-chair, but in no way could he arrive at any solution of the scene.

Four o'clock rang. The rattle of a passing vehicle reached Maggy's ear. "We must go," he said.

"Very well," was the reply. "I have quite finished."

Maggy motioned to O'Toole, who rose and prepared to follow his comrade.

"I have forgotten something," said Maggy, almost jokingly; "my partner must be paid for the night's work. It don't matter about myself."

"Will you call and receive payment this afternoon?" she asked.

O'Toole, thoroughly alert now, said "No" very sharply, but Maggy's quiet "Yes" satisfied her.

She would not allow them to go out by way of the cellar, as Maggy, who seemed to be aware for the first time of the danger he and his companion were in, was anxious to do. She again assured him that she would answer for their safety. As they passed out the kitchen door she whispered to Maggy, "Give my love to Mariana."

O'Toole spoke no word during the homeward journey, but at every light they passed he took a hurried look at his companion's face, and once or twice shook his head and sighed mournfully. Maggy also maintained silence.

In the afternoon O'Toole took Mariana into his confidence. He related the circumstances, so far as he knew of them, and concluded by expressing the opinion that Maggy was "clean crazy."

Maggy, in the meantime, was conversing with Miss Evelyn, in the very room in which he had posed for her. When he left her he carried with him a substantial sum of money, which, later, he handed to O'Toole, after relating to him those incidents of the adventure in which the latter had not played a part. Although really pleased at the outcome of the affair, O'Toole could not forbear remarking significantly, "The money was nothin' to what they might have had."

Some months afterward O'Toole read from a local newspaper a somewhat lengthy criticism of a picture on view at an exhibition by artists resident in Jetsam. "The picture 'At Bay,'" said the article, "by Miss Evelyn, is undoubtedly the most striking work in the exhibition. The subject possesses the charm of originality, and the picture bears testimony to the care and attention lavished upon it by the artist."

It then went on to describe minutely that scene in the residence of Sir Henry Evelyn, which had left such a vivid impression upon O'Toole's mind. When he had read the last word of reference to it, O'Toole searched for, and quickly found, Maggy, and drew his attention to the article.

That night, accompanied by Mariana, Maggy visited the exhibition and they soon stood before the picture 'At Bay.'

"Why, it is you," whispered Mariana hoarsely, as she pointed to the central figure on the canvas.

"An' a blamed good likeness, too," returned Maggy complacently.

"Yes," said a voice behind them, "it's from life. My model's posing was perfect."

Maggy turned with a start. There was Miss Evelyn talking with a grave-looking man, evidently an artist. She met his gaze and, smiling slightly, bowed. Maggy raised his hat awkwardly. The grave-looking gentleman did not notice this exchange of courtesies, but the police officer on duty in the place, who had watched Maggy closely from the time the latter entered the building, wondered why Sir Henry Evelyn's daughter should bow to a professional burglar.

The Deaf Man's Tribute.

Sometimes clergy men are paid compliments that do not carry great value. It is said that Rev. A. John Cleare of the Lord's New Church, Elm street, in this city, was last Sunday complimented in this way. Among the most faithful attendants at all the services is an old gentleman who labors under the difficulty of being entirely deaf. He never hears a sound during service, but watches with the greatest attention from beginning to end. When the service had been brought to a conclusion last Sunday evening one of the officers of the church shook hands with the deaf brother, who responded heartily. "Our minister preached a fine sermon to-night," he said. "He was in fine form—a grand sermon. I almost heard him."

By the Sad Sea Waves



Mabel—Why, Grace, where did you get your bathing suit? Grace—Made it out of an old Columbian postage stamp. Jolly cute, isn't it?

(Copyrighted.)

A Strange Wedding.

The city clocks chimed nine as the sister in charge of the little chapel of Our Lady of Charity hastened to throw open wide the gates of the high grille dividing an inner chapel fronting the one altar, and to light its many candles. Then the priests filed in, clad in vestments of white, and a nun touched the keys of the organ and flooded our senses with a wedding hymn.

They, for whom it was played, advanced, two fair young sisters with reverent mien and bowed heads, and there standing between the seldom opened gates of the sanctuary grille they bound themselves to that invisible bridegroom, whom having not seen they loved.

A lighted taper was given each in token of the light she must herself be, and when the solemn obligations of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience were taken, the clothes she will wear in perpetuity were handed one by one to the priest, who in his turn gave them to the brides, who kissed them as precious tokens of the coverings of a coveted life. The long white gown, the scapular, the underwear, were given, and then, over the white linen, the black veil was laid upon the head and o'er the face, symbolical of the partial wedding rites. Slowly it was updrawn by attendant nuns and pinned into position. A silver heart was next blessed and by a little white cord affixed to the side. A rosary of ivory was added, the last possession possible to the recipient; the last genuflection was made, the music which had played more and more sadly died down to an echo, and the brides retreated.

Ah, but a very few steps. They knelt again, and now the nuns drew completely o'er them, with slow, even motion, a black pall, and the bell tolled as for a passing soul.

The quiet of the little chapel was unbroken save for its sound, and for the sob of the friends whose love was sensible of loss. A shiver cut through my frame. I looked backward and saw God's sunshine. I looked forward and saw darkness.

The knell ceased. Hardly had its last reverberation quiveringly died, when the pall was tossed aside. The young brides stood erect, dead, forever dead to the world and its original circle of birth environment, but married to Him.

A little later we were in the reception-room waiting to interview one of the brides. As we waited we pondered. Was the thing we had seen with our eyes right? Was this consecration, with its entailment of extraordinarily strict vows, its cutting asunder of human natural ties, pleasing to the chosen Bridegroom? Was it reasonable that intellectually cultured girls should voluntarily cloister themselves behind double inner bars of iron and of wood, with apertures so small that heads could barely be thrust through, and lips could never more touch lips, however strongly the passion of longing might be upon them? Our eyes grew moist with apprehension.

A door behind the iron opened and through it, advancing toward us but divided for ever from us, she came, smiling glad, a wreath of white flowers on her black veil.

A relative stretched forward to embrace her, but could not. She bowed her head and sobbed.

"What, weeping, Nell!" she cried merrily. "For shame! for shame! When I am so happy and safe. You should laugh and rejoice with me! Must I be a wild animal because you see me behind a cage, eh?"

As we came away an echo of her sweet, earnest voice reached us. "I have accom-

plished my heart's wish. I am happy!"

There perforce we left her, a human bride without a husband, a dead woman with a living, yearning soul, whose children will be Poverty, born on the altar of Sacrifice. A strange wedding in truth—even in this world of mysteries.

F.

The British Renaissance.

For Saturday Night.

The fame of Old England transcendeth to-day
The glory and light of the past,
For nations whilst hearing her claims are revering
The actors assuming their coat.

The lion aroused with significant growl
Glances forth at all comers afar,
But who shall now dare, with Lord Salisbury there,
To waken the claron of war?

The friend of the "Colonies," Chamberlain's there,
Joe Chamberlain, brightest of seers,
Come! shake, Joseph, shake! May you long live to take
Your honorable place with your peers.

And Balfour the bravest and loyalest knight
Stands armed with the sword blade of speech,
With Sir Harry James we may couple the names
Of Hamilton, Goschen and Beach.

And thus since our Empire's entrenched with success,
Our sovereign illumined from heaven!
Diminution and ocean will join in devotion
Of Him who such good things has given.

August 11, 1895. W. A. SHEERWOOD

A New Kind.

Texas Sittings.

"This is about the time of the year," said Mrs. Watts to her neighbor, "that the fishing fever strikes my husband. If he can get out on the banks of some creek and catch two or three little mudcats in the course of an afternoon, he is perfectly happy."

"So he is fond of fishing, then?"

"Fond of fishing! Why, that man is a perfect anglo-maniac."

A Daughter's Cruel Joke.

Wilkesbarre Leader.

A story is being told of a young lady who found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport, and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifted her feet, and seemed terribly disgusted, and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with the young man who would write such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a young girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read, the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the backyard.

A Long Head.

N. Y. Advertiser.

Here is a bit of delicious repartee from Lawyer Joseph H. Choate of New York. At a dinner, when Mr. and Mrs. Choate sat at the same table, Mr. Choate was asked who he would prefer to be if he couldn't be himself. He hesitated for a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones on earth, when his eye fell on Mrs. Choate, who was at the other end of the table, looking at him with intense humor and interest depicted in her face, and he suddenly replied, "If I could not be myself, I would like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."



St. John, N.B., Harbor and Water Front, on the Intercolonial Railway.

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The Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists is being very much improved. The entrance is now at the east end instead of the west, and the lighting has been altered for the better. The class-rooms will also feel the benefit of the change.

No two pictures at the World's Fair received as much attention from the general public as Mr. Hovenden's Breaking Home Ties and Mr. G. A. Reid's Foreclosure of the Mortgage, and this, not so much from their artistic merits, which were great but still surpassed by many another there, as because they touched a deep chord of human feeling. One of Millet's tests of a picture, we are told, was whether it could be understood and felt by one outside the profession; its best technical qualities would necessarily be appreciated by an artist only. The first of these pictures above mentioned will be exhibited at the Toronto Industrial Fair of 1895; the last we all saw at the same exhibition of 1893.

In a notice of the Royal Academy exhibition of the current season, the London Academy says of one of the pieces of sculpture: "Mr. Bertram Mackennal's quotation, 'For she sitteth . . . on a seat in the high places of the city,' renders it unnecessary to characterize further the motive of his nude female figure seated on an elaborately adorned throne. A type of lust, as distinguished from the higher passion, she appears with proud and defiant mien, trampling winged love at her feet, and proffering to the by-stander the rose of sensual delight. This work is a curious example of that method which strives to render a conception imaginative, mainly by piling up strange, mystic adjuncts as a stimulus to the imagination."

In the same notice a bronze group, entitled Mother and Child, by Mr. George J. Frampton, is spoken of as "a bold attempt to obtain relief from monotony of color by placing the figure of a modern mother and her baby, realistically modeled in the round, against a background of higher toned copper, with a disc, enameled white, doing duty as a kind of halo around the mother's head. The effort to attain originality at any price is here much too apparent; and such originality as results, at the expense of beauty, is, after all, almost entirely on the surface." As to the sculpture generally, the critic says that while it is less in quantity than on any recent occasion, in quality it is above rather than below the average of the last two or three years.

The story is told of a worthy Mohammedan who, arrayed in the flowing Oriental garb, was walking the streets of Constantinople with his son, similarly attired, when a Frenchman, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, passed them. "Behold, my son," said the follower of the Prophet, "what you may become should you desert the faith of Islam, and become an infidel dog!" In this low opinion of the modern Occidental costume the eccentric Aubrey Beardsley evidently does not share. "I consider," he says, "the average well dressed Piccadilly lounge as beautiful a sight as you will see anywhere, and full of artistic correctness. He should be a far more enchanting sight to the modern artist's eye than, for example, one of the Elgin marbles. It is all nonsense to pretend a thorough understanding of Greek art, fine as its severity and repose, for no one knows how a Greek looked at these things, or, indeed, how they were produced." After looking at Beardsley's marvelous creations in the *Yellow Book* and elsewhere, one experiences no surprise at his views on the "Piccadilly lounge" attire.

A story told us of Zorn by a friend of a sometime host of his is very characteristic of the man. The said host was an old gentleman whose head and beard were snowy white, and he was in the habit each morning after breakfast of reading the morning paper. After watching the picturesque old gentleman for several mornings very attentively as he sat in the morning sunshine in the dining-room, Zorn at last asked for painting materials (it was an artistic household and a household that had produced more than one artist), and seating himself on the floor, holding with one hand the drawing-board to which the canvas was pinned, and refusing to be made in the least degree more comfortable, he began work in his rapid, strong way, with the simplest of palette. It was finished at the third short sitting, old gentleman, paper, sunshine and all—one of the best of his spirited portraits.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Outwitting the Boer.

Cape Town Paper.

A mining company of Cape Town had occasion to forward a twelve-horse-power engine to one of their mines situated in the interior of Cape Colony, and appointed an enterprising American to take charge of it, together with the span of sixteen oxen the machinery was drawn by.

All went well until the warm regions were reached, when a difficulty arose as to pasture for the oxen. Arriving one evening at the farm of a Boer, the driver outspanned, and, without any permission whatever, drove his beasts of burden into the farmer's best clover field. At such French leave the anger of the Boer knew no bounds, and, rushing up to the innocent-looking driver, he threatened to deprive him of his life if the oxen were not immediately removed.

"Hold a moment, friend," remarked the driver. "Do you know who you are talking to?"

"No; and don't care a rap!" responded the farmer.

"Well, it's one of Oom Paul's Johannesburg warriors, in charge of a patent cannon, traveling on the quiet to the Kafir war. And, see here! I'll let you into the secret construction



"That certainly was a parade advertised in the Daily Grounder. But I don't see it. Wonder where 'tis!"



Miss Hammer—Excuse me, sir!



Mr. Overleigh—I hope I've caused you no inconvenience.

of this death-dealing implement of warfare." Throwing open the engine door, and pointing to the numerous boiler-tubes, "These barrels," explained the wily American, "are where the cartridges are placed; and to do deadly execution all that's necessary is just to fire up at the opposite end."

This satisfied the honest Boer as to the high military standing of his visitor, who, together with his oxen, fared on the best for that evening only.

Precaution.

San Francisco Post.

"In taking this albuminate of iron," continued the physician as he prescribed for a fair patient, "you must be careful not to get it on your teeth."

"Why so?" she enquired with mild surprise. "Because it will decay them. Some take iron in capsules, but I think by taking it through a straw you can keep it from getting on your teeth."

"Well, now, doctor, suppose I should leave my teeth upstairs while I take the iron in the kitchen, do you think there would be any danger?"

"Well—er—no. I think that would be a reasonable precaution."

They All Laughed.

Liverpool Mercury.

When arranging their list of club runs at the beginning of the season it is usual for cycling clubs to leave several dates open, and these appear on the fixture cards as "impromptu."

At a meeting held by a newly formed Tyndale club one of the members was asked to nominate a place. "Wey, As think," said he, "that we might have a run to Impromptu; there's a lot of clubs have runs to it."

And he wondered why they all laughed.

Couldn't See Them.

"Here we are, Maria!" he exclaimed gleefully. "You wanted to see those seashore costumes you've read so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all around us."

"I see the bathers," she replied severely, "but where are the costumes?"

Hamlet in French.

Harper's Round Table.

A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

1. "To was or not to am."
2. "To were or is to not."
3. "To should or not to will."

A Correction.

It is astonishing what misapprehension exists regarding the treatment for alcoholism at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. Many believe that the cure consists in dosing everything the patient consumes—food, drink and medicine—with whiskey, until disgust and nausea is produced. Such illogical methods never have and never will cure a liquor appetite. The Lakehurst method consists in the scientific application of remedies which neutralize the alcohol in the patient's system so completely that the awful craving for intoxicants is lost—forgotten. No other method can avail. Medical science can suggest no sounder method of cure. Full information, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.

'Twas a Bicycle Parade.



"That certainly was a parade advertised in the Daily Grounder. But I don't see it. Wonder where 'tis!"



Miss Hammer—Excuse me, sir!



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Mr. Spinner—Look out!



Smith and Brown—Beg pardon, sir!



Waal, I'll be darn. Now, I won't git ter see that parade after all.

Orders and Arrows.

When the captain of a ship orders some hands aloft to furl the main yard the men jump to obey, as a matter of course. A sailor can climb up on a yard without having a shilling ashore or a penny in his pocket. In fact, Jack seldom signs articles until he has used up both cash and credit.

But when a doctor—who is a sort of captain when one is laid up in the dry-dock of illness—orders a patient to go abroad for the benefit of his health, it is quite another thing. A trip and sojourn away from home is an expensive prescription, and most of us can't afford it. If the doctor says it is a choice between that and the graveyard, we shall have to settle on the graveyard; it is handy by, and easy to get to. But are we really so hard pushed? That is, as often as the doctors say we are? Let's turn the matter over in our minds for a minute.

Here is a case that is pat to the purpose. It concerns Mr. Arthur Whiddon Melhuish of 3 Regent's Terrace, Portobello Road, Exeter; and for the details we are indebted to a letter written by him, dated March 7, 1893. He mentions that, in obedience to the orders of his doctors, he went to Cannes, in the south of France, in November, 1890, and spent the winter there. He also spent the following winter at the same place. He felt the better for the change; we will tell you why presently. But he obtained no radical benefit, which also we will explain later on.

It appears that this gentleman had been weak and ailing nearly all his life; not exactly ill, not wholly well—a condition that calls for constant caution. In March, 1890, he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Now, I want the reader to honor me with his best attention, as I must say in a few words what ought properly to take many. Shoot an arrow into the air—as straight as you can. You can't tell where it will fall. It may fall on a neighbor's head, on your own, or on a child's, or on the pavement. Everybody's blood contains more or less poisonous elements. These are arrows, but unlike your wooden arrow they always strike at the weakest spot, or spots, in the body. If they hit the muscles and joints we call it rheumatism and gout; if they hit the liver we call it liver complaint or biliousness; if they hit the kidneys we call it Bright's disease; if they hit the nerves we call it nervous prostration, epilepsy, or any of fifty other names; if it hits the bronchial tubes we call it bronchitis, etc.; if they hit the air cells we call it inflammation of the lungs, or by and by, consumption. And inasmuch as these poisoned arrows pass through the delicate meshes of the lungs a thousand times every day it would be odd if they didn't hit them—wouldn't it?

Now, wait a bit. It follows that all the various so-called diseases above named are not diseases at all and of themselves, but merely symptoms of one only disease—namely, that disease which produces the poison! Good, we will get on to the end of the story.

After the attack of lung inflammation Mr. Melhuish suffered from loss of appetite, pain in the chest, sides and stomach, and dangerous constipation. He could eat only liquid food and had to take to his bed. For weeks he was so feeble that he could not rise in bed. He consulted one physician after another, obtaining no more than temporary relief from medicine. Then he was ordered abroad as we have related.

His letter concludes in these words: "Whilst at Cannes I consulted a doctor, who said my ailment was weak digestion, and that I need not trouble about my lungs. But I never gained any real ground until November, 1891, when I began to take Mother Selge's Curative Syrup. This helped me in one week, and by continuing with it I got stronger and stronger, and am now in fair good health. This, after my relatives thought I never should recover. (Signed) Arthur Whiddon Melhuish."

To sum up. This gentleman's real ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia, from which the blood poison comes that causes nearly all diseases and pains. The air of Southern France helped him temporarily, because it is milder than ours; it did not remove the poison. By care and the use of Mother Selge's Curative Syrup he would have done better at home, as the result shows.

So we see that it isn't the climate that kills or saves; it is the condition of the digestion. If therefore your doctor orders you abroad for your health, tell him you will first try Mother Selge's Curative Syrup.

THE LATEST:

JOHN LABATT'S
LONDON
ALE AND STOUT

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GOLD MEDAL

AT SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1894

Besides 9 Other GOLD SILVER and BRONZE Medals

AT GREAT EXHIBITIONS



Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, sermons or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SOMETHING.—This is a very pleasant person with a good sense of humor, a merry disposition, a frank yet discreet manner, and an adaptable and sunny nature. Youth and energy are marked, and a desire to lead. This should be a fine woman when time has got to its work. Writer is somewhat of an idealist, but no weakness is shown. Considerable justice, love of beauty and a receptive mind are shown.

PHENIX.—Abundant force, some ambition, great originality, some pride, a bit of diplomacy, plenty of self-will and some lack of orthodoxy, great impulse, much affection, a logical, persistent and clever mind, and independence of thought are yours. Reserve is an unknown quantity; whether because you don't care what people think or are over-satisfied with your judgment, you are very frank in expressing yourself. It's a fine character.

ANYTHING.—Your writing is mainly spoiled by lack of direct purpose and a careless way of regarding things. You are rather inclined to be prejudiced and have a mind hard to convince and elusive in argument. A general lack of sequence and decision is shown. In an affair requiring tact and diplomacy you'd come to grief. At the same time you are bright, enterprising and clever, well worth taking a great deal of pains to improve.

EVERGREEN.—I. Sooner than deny you a happy and contented deathbed, I'd deny you a life interest in Toronto, of course. It's not much to ask for, when one considers: 2. Your writing shows refinement, snap and courage, plenty of independence, vitality and some sense of order. Open hand and open mouth are yours. A firm will and strong sense of responsibility are suggested. I think you'd make a good friend, a helpful, bright and slightly ambitious nature with a healthy amount of self-reliance.

AU REVOIR.—No propriety is involved. Personally I prefer to cut them round, but then I never suffer an angle where I can by any means secure a curve. Try that rule. Thank you for your pleasant wishes for the day set apart to honor Old Ireland. It wasn't a bad one. As to your writing, I can only assure you that it shows only the crudest traits. There is little character, slow in coming to maturity, rather practical and of deliberate style generally. You have good sequence; ideas and will no doubt develop into a logical and matter-of-fact person.

VALERINA.—I hope you also "have as large a share of that pleasing virtue, patience," as you opine I have. I am so sorry I omitted looking into your note sooner. Fumigation with tobacco, which pious act had better be performed in the bath-room, will do some of those "critters" to death. A patient washing with an insecticide, which you can get at the florist's, will do the rest. In case the insects come again next year, you should go and have a talk beforehand with some florist. I am sometimes amused and often distracted by the letters sent to this column. There are two kinds.

J. C. G.—1. Your letter requires as to certain terms. The fee is one dollar for complete particulars. You must send place and date of birth and it will probably be a fortnight before you get an answer. Address as per enquiry. 2. You can get books on Palmistry from any publisher. Rosa Baughman has a pretty good one. Frost on graphology is one I like. Nelson Thorp of New York is an authority. He wrote some time ago a clever article in *Demorest's Magazine*, with thirty specimens of writing and some remarks upon each. He demands for a study not less than a page of the usual writing, the exact age, and the name of the party signed in full. I prefer the usual signature; it is much more graphic and natural, but not necessary in my notion for a delineation. Some signatures are the least spontaneous part of the study.

DORNA.—How dare you write on such paper? I am just bled with asking at it. If you were not such a good-natured and humorous creature that the fan of you naturally comes out in wiggles all over your writing I'd say something real cross to you. Faith, I'd not need to bore holes in the doors and walls of your writing as you suggest. They're made of glass, and anyway, what's the matter with looking thro' the keyhole? 2. You are very fond of pretty things and like to have order and beauty about you. You should have taste in dress, but very little vanity. You are somewhat imaginative, very bright and free in manner, independent in thought, not much of a chatterbox, and well able to take care of yourself. You are adaptable, careful of details, affectionate to those you really care for, and hopeful and courageous in time of trial. I am sure you will make an extra fine woman.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—Sometimes it is a good thing to feel that one stands alone, so far as human aid and sym-

LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bown, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

pathy are concerned. We each really do, you know, only we prefer not to acknowledge it. Then, feeling this, the soul reaches out for its support and encouragement above the earth and mortals. Anything which forces it to do that is good. That is what is meant by the blessing of sorrow. What must you do? What shall you become? You ask me. Rather—what are you now? A self-conscious, self-absorbed, abnormally sensitive being, bound to make the beautiful hours a misery. Don't be an ass. Don't think only of yourself. Don't look always in the glass. Brace up, my dear. If I were not exasperated with your blindness, I should pity you truly. Don't dare to sneer at commonplace people, nor fancy yourself above them. The commonplace is just what we imagine. Nothing is commonplace to the spiritual eye. You are all wrong and unwholesome, and it's quite your own fault, as it always is in such cases. Write again. I want you to. Just as a great secret I will tell you that I've been there myself.

The Wabash Railroad

is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest line from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mexico, California and all west and south-west points. Its train equipment is superlatively the finest in America. It is the great trunk line that passes through six States of the Union and makes direct connection with one hundred and nineteen other railroads. See that your ticket reads via Wabash. Time tables and all particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N. E. cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of *Short Journeys on a Long Road* will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Gen. H. Headford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman; "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place ter go!" replied Meandering Mike with contempt; "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go to dat it's worryin' me dizzzy making up me mind which way to start."

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Short Stories Retold.

Dean Hole tells of an old fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of indignant excitement: "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was once at a reception, and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party were being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John; "in some places people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."

Lady Spencer once asked Dr. Warren, her medical attendant, whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently imbibed by the reflection that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. The doctor thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he said, "be greatly in favor of satisfaction, and as an instance of this I trust I may have the pleasure of curing your ladyship forty times before killing you."

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on holding him on their shoulders and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry me home," and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

The lectures of a certain Oxford tutor were once reported to be "cut and dried." "Yes," said Prof. H. J. S. Smith, the witty mathematician, "dried by the tutor and cut by the men." A dispute arose at an Oxford dinner-table as to the comparative prestige of bishops and judges. The argument, as might be expected at a party of laymen, went in favor of the latter. "No," said Henry Smith, "for a judge can only say 'Hang you,' but a bishop can say 'D—n you.' Speaking of an eminent scientific man, to whom he gave considerable praise, he said: "Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the editor and not the author of Nature."

A Newcastle bricklayer, who on the death of a relative had come into a fortune of a few hundred pounds, decided to set up as a master builder; and as a commencement entered into a contract to erect a small villa. The building was started, but our friend soon found that an employer's life is not one of unalloyed bliss. An old friend chanced to pass the house one morning, and was astonished to find his mate of other days wielding the trowel once more, and superintending him and the other workmen was a strange foreman. The following conversation ensued: "Why, Jack, lad! Hoo's this? As thou'st be a gaffer now!" "Se as is, man; se as is. But as yun fund as wis ne use bossin' the men, se as yun determined to wark agyen mesel and as've hired yon chep to lyuk efter us."

Bishop Simpson preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulation or up-lifting of his voice; then, picturing the Son of God bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, he stooped, as if laden with an immense burden, and rising to his full height he seemed to throw it from him, crying: "How far? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, then sank back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him, and knew that he had come to criticize, asked him, when the service was over: "Well, what do you think of the bishop's elocution?" "Elocution?" said he; "that man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

In a New York town, which has a colony of colored people, one big darkey was one day employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of a handsome estate. The master of the house was nowhere to be seen, and a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably

on the fence watching the operations. Another darkey, driver for a physician living next door, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and then addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his buggy. "Dr. Wilson," he said solemnly, "dere's somebody dead at Massa Jones's, sartin sure." "Dead!" echoed the doctor; "no such thing, Cesar. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family." "Well, sah," said Cesar, pointing to the row of sable individuals hanging on the pickets, "if dere ain't nobody dead to Massa Jones's, sah, den w'at fer is all dis yer mournin' strung along de fence?"

At a small railway station in the hilly part of Alabama, an old man, carrying a carpet-bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first seat, the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started and they both looked eagerly from the window, and as the speed increased, a look of keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She grasped her husband's arm and said, in a voice plainly audible to those about her: "Joel, we be goin' awful quick. I know 'ain't safe." A few minutes later the train ran on to a long trestle. With a little shriek of terror the old lady sprang to her feet and seized the back of the seat in front of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Meantime the train sped onward and was soon once more on solid earth. The old lady was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness! She's lit again!"

Between You and Me.

I WAS an unsuspected auditor at a discussion the other day, regarding the amount and quality of the deference paid by men to women in the United States, compared with Canada. "We are noted for our care for our Women, sir," said the American tourist, with a large emphasis, equal to a capital letter, on women. "Are you, now," innocently answered the Canadian, whose faint touch of brogue betrayed some Irishman associations. "Well, we like our own girls to be well looked after, and maybe we have a way of doing it as constant and effective as yours, though we don't make such a parade of it." "You don't cultivate a chivalrous manner and a deferential attitude, as you should," said the American tourist judiciously. "Well, we don't like too much affectation of that sort, I'll allow," agreed the Canadian. "Now, my wife positively suffers when she is escorted by an American of the full-fledged, deferential variety. She objects to having him wheel about and bow like a *concierger* when he comes across her entering a doorway. She has a mortal detestation of his protective touch as he skips along beside her, when she crosses a crowded street, with his arm spread protectively behind her. She says she won't beshoo'd across the road like a small gosling. She doesn't like him to take her parasol and open it and hold it up for her as she walks. The other day she almost scolded her best Yankee beau because he violently hurled an important newsboy out of her path with such an expression of outraged chivalry that the newsboy laughed at him, even while he rubbed his bruises. In fact, our girls like men to be on hand to do things when they are asked, but any officious protective policy isn't acceptable. See?" The American took his cigar from his teeth with a good-natured smile. "Is that so?" was all he said to the Canadian.

"If I were you I wouldn't stand it," is quite a common prick of friendship's pin. But if you were I, you'd do just as I do, naturally. I think it is a most happy excuse, calculated to do one lots of good, to try sometimes to make "you" I. Anything that puts self in the background is salutary, and anything that considers and understands others is helpful. Next time you are exasperated for your much-tried, or, in your esteem, over-complaisant friend, just give it a trial and see where you'd be—if you were someone else.

If you desire to make up your mind on the bloomer question and put all the pros and cons in a nutshell, you should take up your station at a front window opposite a fashionable church on a very rainy Sunday, such as we had this week, when the early day was bright and promising and the gathering of moisture aloft undecided enough to tempt the religious fair to risk getting home in their best clothes before the clouds fell. There was a crowd at the church, and as we sat watching the teeming rain the service concluded and the crowd began to emerge, with unwilling and tip-toe steps, with pretty hats and frocks and dainty white and tan shoes. As they passed on the other side maid and matron caught up their smart white skirts and quite unconsciously gave us an idea of what we must expect with bloomers. First there came a solid old dame, whose nether extremities were positively quite the same size from knees to ankles. The little lady gave us the keynote by crying, "Oh, my! there's a subject for bloomers." After that we watched with a purpose. Not everyone gave us the same chance to imagine them so arrayed, but of the dozens who did we took careful stock, and came to the unanimous decision that bloomers would not do. I am sure if people possessing pipe-stems for legs, or others whose calves roam gaily down to their ankles, were to vote, as the boys say, "on their shape," and bloomers went and came by means of a plebsite, we should not see them in our time and generation. No, never!

A little story in last week's papers ought to make many a heart throb in sympathy for a certain small boy, now an inmate of a prison cell. Did you read about him? How a mess came to his jail from his home, telling him his father was dangerously ill; how the boy saved his extra ration of fat bacon from dinner, and therewith anointed himself from top to toe, and having passed out his clothes, wiggled himself through a tiny square hole in his cell door, dressed, and levanted, leaving word where he was to be found. The officer came after him and found him bathing the dear dad's forehead, and the heart of the law,

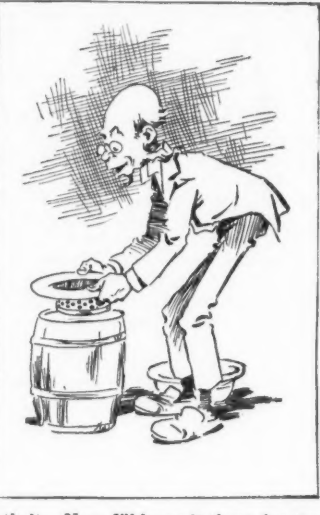
that is popularly supposed to be of cast iron, was softened at the boy's filial devotion, and for hours the good constable sat and waited for the little chap and then took him back to his cell. Apart from the nerve and cleverness of his escape, one sees the thoughtfulness of the message left as to his whereabouts, and, above all, the great love for the sick man that shines over all. And there's not much wrong with the boy who broke jail to nurse and comfort his dying father, and if anyone gets hold of him who knows the ways of boys and what they need to make the best of men, I fancy he'll find it in this urchin.

A charming sail and a quaint little port at the end of it was for me on Saturday when I took the Lakeside for Dalhousie. The wide beach over there is ideal this summer, for the lowness of the water has widened it many feet and one can wade away out. You know Dalhousie, with its row of little shops and dapper little red hotel all hung with trailing baskets of posies and green, and its ship's cabin, turned into a barber shop, that makes one always think of Barkus and Peggotty, somehow, and expect to see little Em'ly smiling from the queer doorway. There are lots of little Em'lys on the landing, as the Lakeside rises on the filling lock, until one steps ashore quite readily and is taken captive by somebody, and tucked into a dog-cart and borne away to the pretty home on the edge of the lake, where are harvest apples and funny stories and ever so many nice things for tea, and a valise full of fruit to be brought home, for one invariably spoils the Egyptians on these raids! LADY GAY.

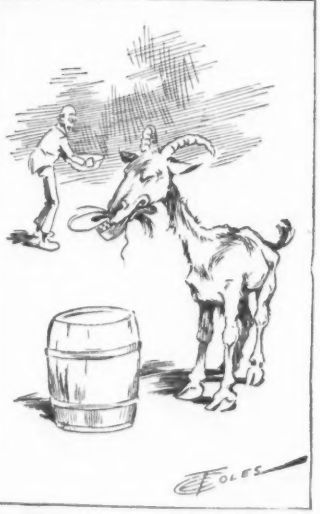
Out o' Sight.



Squeeze Hardup—There's no use in buying a new straw hat. I'll rub this one with a little lemon and put it in the sun to bleach.



That's it. Now I'll leave it there for twenty minutes, and it will be "out o' sight."



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Odds and Ends of Fashion

AN infallible method of preserving the contour of a shapely throat is to gently massage every morning after one's bath. Ten minutes daily spent in massaging the throat, always being careful to rub inwardly toward the front under the chin, and never outwardly toward the back of the head, will in a short time produce astonishingly beneficial results. I speak with assurance, for I have tried it!

He's are now worn in Paris at a decided angle. So next season we may prepare to tilt our *chapeaux* over our noses and forget we ever tried to balance those same troublesome articles on the last hair of our heads that would hold them furthest back from the nose. It now becomes their duty to shield. And this only one short year ago! All the midsummer modes in millinery have a decided touch of autumn in the prevailing touches of black, which play so conspicuous and subduing a part on even the gayest creations. All-black hats are decidedly the most *chic* head-gears at the moment, and it is predicted their vogue is assured for the autumn and winter seasons.

The injurious effects of the tannin extracted from tea which is allowed to stand too long, have led to the introduction of many contrivances for the removal of the noxious portion of the otherwise harmless and necessary adjunct to our breakfast-tables. But the most effectual device which we have yet seen is the Unicus Tea Infuser, consisting of an ordinary spoon with a perforated cover—which not only entirely dispenses with the necessity for a teapot, but prevents the stale-bolled taste which is too often present with even recently infused tea. Only those who have used this clever little contrivance can guess the difference it makes. For holiday use—when a cup of decent tea in the hotel or lodgings, or when picnicking, is a priceless boon, the "Unicus" will be especially valuable. The makers of the "Unicus" have also introduced a mustache spoon—named the "Soupette"—which can be instantly attached to any dessert spoon, and keeps the mustache perfectly dry and clean during the despatch of soup, a benefit easily estimated by those to whom the first course at dinner has too often been a season of trial.

Our autumn dresses promise to be very smart and bright in coloring; the skirts are growing wider, but are cut on quite a new principle. Endless gores of the narrowest description form a wheel-like effect. There is no doubt that we can look forward to coats, and I am informed that visits will be in great request for elderly ladies. A pretty serviceable suit of that soft, subdued tint known as *vert-de-gris* consists of a coat and skirt. The trimming is a braiding of black and gold, and the coat is cut in rounded tabs, which are with us once more, not only round, but square and pointed. This is a morning or visiting dress, the quiet elegance of its build fitting it for almost any occasion. The coat is tight-fitting and has that exquisite tailor-made finish for which Peter Robinson is famous. Of a more elaborate and matronly type is a visiting dress in brown cloth trimmed with a narrow passementerie of jet and steel. There is a stylish waistcoat of violet velvet, and the sleeves and shoulder capes are trimmed with bands of fox fur. A handsome buckle of oxidized silver clasps the waist, giving the required slenderness to the figure. A trim tailor-made gray-green cloth has a skirt with oversewn seams, and a yellow cloth waistcoat with white pearl buttons. I counted ten gores in the skirt of this costume. The combination of gray and yellow cloth looks exceedingly smart. A Paris model was composed of one of the new winter *crepons* in black and green of an emerald shade, with a bodice of rich black silk. This bodice had a somewhat deep-fluted basque, lined with white satin, ending at the under-arm seams. The front had an emerald-green silk waistcoat with graduated cut-steel buckles. A shirt of white satin covered with cream guipure met the waistcoat half-way down the bodice, which had two curious square revers of white satin covered with guipure. The sleeves were more moderate than heretofore, and there was a new collar formed of square tabs to this dress. A blue cornflower cloth skirt and coat looked extremely stylish with bands of tan machine-stitched cloth on the skirt and coat. White pearl buttons were largely used on this costume.

It is certain that loose or semi-fitting and tight-fitting coats are to be worn this autumn and winter. Sleeves will be more moderate, and we are once more threatened with the coal-scuttle bonnet. Mantles are stationary. As the sales always form a true in fashion's progress, it is not easy to give more than the vaguest outlines as to what is being set in store for our winter's beautifying. Much white mohair galloon is used to strap the seams of alpacas for seaside wear. Braiding and colored "piping" are fashionable for serges. Rose-pink piping and lining is most effective with blue or white serge.

A pretty bathing dress is not easily to be met with. Of two pretty ones, the first is of dark blue serge, trimmed with white mohair braid. It is made in one, and conformed to the waist by a deep belt striped with white mohair. White pearl buttons fasten the straps,

and a blue and white washing silk handkerchief is coquettishly fastened in the hair. The next was of red "anacote," or thin serge, and the trimming consisted of white braiding. The Swiss belt is boned to support the figure. Every *costume de bain* should have one of the boned belts, as they produce a trim figure that looks very effective. LA MODE.

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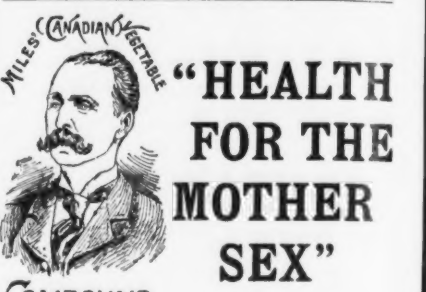
Self-Respect.

N. Y. Weekly.

Mistress (reprovingly)—I saw you throwing alops out the back door to-day.
New Girl (with dignity)—I wouldn't live with a family wot throwed 'em out th' front door, mum.

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The Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists is being very much improved. The entrance is now at the east end instead of the west, and the lighting has been altered for the better. The class-rooms will also feel the benefit of the change.

No two pictures at the World's Fair received as much attention from the general public as Mr. Hovenden's Breaking Home Ties and Mr. G. A. Reid's Foreclosure of the Mortgage, and this, not so much from their artistic merits, which were great but still surpassed by many another there, as because they touched a deep chord of human feeling. One of Millet's tests of a picture, we are told, was whether it could be understood and felt by one outside the profession; its best technical qualities would necessarily be appreciated by an artist only. The first of these pictures above mentioned will be exhibited at the Toronto Industrial Fair of 1895; the last we all saw at the same exhibition of 1893.

In a notice of the Royal Academy exhibition of the current season, the London Academy says of one of the pieces of sculpture: "Mr. Bertram Mackennal's quotation, 'For she sitteth . . . on a seat in the high places of the city,' renders it unnecessary to characterize further the motive of his nude female figure seated on an elaborately adorned throne. A type of lust, as distinguished from the higher passion, she appears with proud and defiant mien, trampling winged love at her feet, and proffering to the by-stander the rose of sensual delight. This work is a curious example of that method which strives to render a conception imaginative, mainly by piling up strange, mystic adjuncts as a stimulus to the imagination."

In the same notice a bronze group, entitled Mother and Child, by Mr. George J. Frampton, is spoken of as "a bold attempt to obtain relief from monotony of color by placing the figure of a modern mother and her baby, realistically modeled in the round, against a background of higher toned copper, with a disc, enameled white, doing duty as a kind of halo around the mother's head. The effort to attain originality at any price is here much too apparent; and such originality as results, at the expense of beauty, is, after all, almost entirely on the surface." As to the sculpture generally, the critic says that while it is less in quantity than on any recent occasion, in quality it is above rather than below the average of the last two or three years.

The story is told of a worthy Mohammedan who, arrayed in the flowing Oriental garb, was walking the streets of Constantinople with his son, similarly attired, when a Frenchman, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, passed them. "Behold, my son," said the follower of the Prophet, "what you may become should you desert the faith of Islam, and become an infidel dog!" In this low opinion of the modern Occidental costume the eccentric Aubrey Beardsley evidently does not share. "I consider," he says, "the average well dressed Piccadilly lounge as beautiful a sight as you will see anywhere, and full of artistic correctness. He should be a far more enchanting sight to the modern artist's eye than, for example, one of the Elgin marbles. It is all nonsense to pretend a thorough understanding of Greek art, fine as its severity and repose, for no one knows how a Greek looked at these things, or, indeed, how they were produced." After looking at Beardsley's marvelous creations in the Yellow Book and elsewhere, one experiences no surprise at his views on the "Piccadilly lounge" attire.

A story told us of Zorn by a friend of a somewhat host of his is very characteristic of the man. The said host was an old gentleman whose head and beard were snowy white, and he was in the habit each morning after breakfast of reading the morning paper. After watching the picturesque old gentleman for several mornings very attentively as he sat in the morning sunshine in the dining-room, Zorn at last asked for painting materials (it was an artistic household and a household that had produced more than one artist), and seating himself on the floor, holding with one hand the drawing-board to which the canvas was pinned, and refusing to be made in the least degree more comfortable, he began work in his rapid, strong way, with the simplest of palette. It was finished at the third short sitting, old gentleman, paper, sunshine and all—one of the best of his spirited portraits.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Outwitting the Boer.

Cape Town Paper.

A mining company of Cape Town had occasion to forward a twelve-horse power engine to one of their mines situated in the interior of Cape Colony, and appointed an enterprising American to take charge of it, together with the span of sixteen oxen the machinery was drawn by.

All went well until the warm regions were reached, when a difficulty arose as to pasture for the oxen. Arriving one evening at the farm of a Boer, the driver outspanned, and, without any permission whatever, drove his beasts of burden into the farmer's best clover field. At such French leave the anger of the Boer knew no bounds, and, rushing up to the innocent-looking driver, he threatened to deprive him of his life if the oxen were not immediately removed.

"Hold a moment, friend," remarked the driver. "Do you know who you are talking to?"

"No; and don't care a rap!" responded the farmer.

"Well, it's one of Oom Paul's Johannesburg warriors, in charge of a patent cannon, traveling on the quiet to the Kafir war. And, see here! I'll let you into the secret construction



"That certainly was a parade advertised in the Daily Groundwork. But I don't see it. Wonder where 'tis?"



Miss Hummer—Excuse me, sir!



Mr. Overleigh—I hope I've caused you no inconvenience.

of this death-dealing implement of warfare." Throwing open the engine door, and pointing to the numerous boiler-tubes, "These barrels," explained the wily American, "are where the cartridges are placed; and to do deadly execution all that's necessary is just to fire up at the opposite end."

This satisfied the honest Boer as to the high military standing of his visitor, who, together with his oxen, fared on the best for that evening only.

Precaution.

San Francisco Post.

"In taking this albuminate of iron," continued the physician as he prescribed for a fair patient, "you must be careful not to get it on your teeth."

"Why so?" she enquired with mild surprise. "Because it will decay them. Some take iron in capsules, but I think by taking it through a straw you can keep it from getting on your teeth."

"Well, now, doctor, suppose I should leave my teeth upstairs while I take the iron in the kitchen, do you think there would be any danger?"

"Well—er—no. I think that would be a reasonable precaution."

They All Laughed.

Liverpool Mercury.

When arranging their list of club runs at the beginning of the season it is usual for cycling clubs to leave several dates open, and these appear on the fixture cards as "impromptu."

At a meeting held by a newly formed Tyndale club one of the members was asked to nominate a place. "Wey, Asa think," said he, "that we might have a run to Impromptu; there's a lot of clubs hev runs to it."

And he wondered why they all laughed.

Couldn't See Them.

"Here we are, Maria!" he exclaimed gleefully. "You wanted to see those seashore costumes you've read so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all around us."

"I see the bathers," she replied severely, "but where are the costumes?"

Hamlet in French.

Harper's Round Table.

A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

- "To was or not to am."
- "To were or is to not."
- "To should or is to will"

A Correction.

It is astonishing what misapprehension exists regarding the treatment for alcoholism at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. Many believe that the cure consists in dosing everything the patient consumes—food, drink and medicine—with whiskey, until disgust and nausea is procured. Such illogical methods never have and never will cure a liquor appetite. The Lakehurst method consists in the scientific application of remedies which neutralize the alcohol in the patient's system so completely that the awful craving for intoxicants is lost—forgotten. No other method can avail. Medical science can suggest no sounder method of cure. Full information, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.



Mr. Spinner—Look out!



Smith and Brown—Beg pardon, sir!



Waal, I'll be darn. Now, I won't git ter see that parade after all.

Orders and Arrows

When the captain of a ship orders some hands aloft to furl the main yard the men jump to obey, as a matter of course. A sailor can climb up on a yard without having a shilling ashore or a penny in his pocket. In fact, Jack seldom signs articles until he has used up both cash and credit.

But when a doctor—who is a sort of captain when one is laid up in the dry-dock of illness—orders a patient to go abroad for the benefit of his health, it is quite another thing. A trip and sojourn away from home is an expensive prescription, and most of us can't afford it. If the doctor says it is a choice between that and the graveyard we shall have to settle on the graveyard; it is handy by, and easy to get to. But we really do hard pushed that in, as often as the doctors say we are! Let's turn the matter over in our minds for a minute.

Here is a case that is pat to the purpose. It concerns Mr. Arthur Whiddon Melhuish of 3 Regent's Terrace, Polesloe road, Exeter; and for the details we are indebted to a letter written by him, dated March 7, 1895. He mentions that in obedience to the orders of his doctors, he went to Cannes, in the south of France, in November, 1890, and spent the winter there. He also spent the following winter at the same place. He felt the better for the change; we will tell you why presently. But he obtained no radical benefit, which also we will explain later on.

It appears that this gentleman had been weak and ailing nearly all his life; not exactly ill, not wholly well—a condition that calls for constant caution. In March, 1890, he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Now, I want the reader to honor me with his best attention, as I must say in a few words what ought properly to take many. Shoot an arrow into the air—as straight up as you can. You can't tell where it will fall. It may fall on a neighbor's head, on your own, or on a child's, or on the pavement. Everybody's blood contains more or less poisonous elements. These are arrows, but unlike your wooden arrow they always strike at the weakest spot, or spots, in the body. If they hit the muscles and joints we call it rheumatism and gout; if they hit the liver we call it liver complaint or biliousness; if they hit the kidneys we call it Bright's disease; if they hit the nerves we call it nervous prostration, epilepsy, or any of fifty other names; if they hit the bronchial tubes we call it bronchitis, etc.; if they hit the air cells we call it inflammation of the lungs, or by and by, by consumption. And inasmuch as these poisoned arrows pass through the delicate meshes of the lungs a thousand times every day we would be odd if they didn't hit them—wouldn't it?

Now, wait a bit. It follows that all the various so-called diseases above named are not diseases at all in and of themselves, but merely symptoms of one only disease—namely, that disease which produces the poison! Good. We will get on to the end of the story.

After the attack of lung inflammation Mr. Melhuish suffered from loss of appetite, pain in the chest, sides and stomach, and dangerous constipation. He could eat only liquid food and had to take to his bed. For weeks he was so feeble that he could not rise in bed. He consulted one physician after another, obtaining no more than temporary relief from medicine. Then he was ordered abroad as we have related.

This letter concludes in these words: "Whilst at Cannes I consulted a doctor, who said my ailment was weak digestion, and that I need not trouble about my lungs. But I never gained any real ground until November, 1891, when I began to take Mother Selig's Curative Syrup. This helped me in one week, and by continuing with it I got stronger and stronger, and am now in fair good health. This, after my relatives thought I never should recover. (Signed) Arthur Whiddon Melhuish."

To sum up, this gentleman's real ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia, from which the blood poison comes that causes nearly all disorders and pains. The air of Southern France helped him temporarily, because it is milder than ours; it did not remove the poison. By care and the use of Mother Selig's Curative Syrup he would have done better at home, as the result shows.

So we see that it isn't the climate that kills or saves; it is the condition of the digestion. If therefore your doctor orders you abroad for your health, tell him you will first try Mother Selig's Curative Syrup.

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SOMETHING.—This is a very pleasant person with a good sense of humor, a merry disposition, a frank yet discreet manner, and an adaptable and sunny nature. Youth and energy are marked, and a desire to lead. This should be a fine woman when time has got in its work. Writer is somewhat of an idealist, but no weakness is shown. Considerable justice, love of beauty and a receptive mind are shown.

PHENIX.—Abundant force, some ambition, great originality, some pride, a taste of diplomacy, plenty of self-will and some lack of orthodoxy, great impulse, much affection, a logical, persistent and clever mind, and independence of thought are yours. Reserve is an unknown quantity; whether because you don't care what people think or are over-satisfied with your judgment, you are very frank in expressing yourself. It's a fine character.

ARTIFICIAL.—Your writing is mainly spoiled by lack of direct purpose and a careless way of regarding things. You are rather inclined to be prejudiced and have a mind hard to convince and elusive in argument. A general lack of sequence and decision is shown. In an affair requiring tact and diplomacy you'd come to grief. At the same time you are bright, enterprising and clever, well worth taking a great deal of pains to improve.

EVERGREEN.—I, sooner than deny you a happy and contented deathbed, I'd deny you a life interest in Toronto, of course. It's not much to ask for, when one considers: 1. Your writing shows refinement, snap and oomph, plenty of independence, vitality and some sense of order. Open hand and open mouth are yours. A firm will and strong sense of responsibility are suggested. I think you'd make a good friend, a hopeful, bright and slightly ambitious nature with a healthy amount of self-reliance.

AU REVOIR.—No propriety is involved. Personally I prefer to cut them round, but then I never suffer an angle where I can by any means secure a curve. Try that rule. Thank you for your pleasant wishes for the day set apart to honor Ould Ireland. It wasn't a bad one. As to your writing, I can only assure you that it shows only the crudest taste. There is little character, slow in coming to maturity, rather practical and of deliberate style generally. You have good sequence (I think and will no doubt develop into a logical and matter-of-fact person).

VALERIANA.—I hope you also "have as large a share of that pleasing virtue, patience," as you opine I have. I am so sorry I omitted looking into your note sooner. Familiarity with tobacco, which plous act had better be performed in the bath-room, will do some of those "critters" to death. A patient washing with an insecticide, which you can get at the florist's, will do the rest. In case the insects come again next year, you should go and have a talk beforehand with some florist. I am sometimes amused and often distracted by the letters sent to this column. There are two kinds.

J. C. G.—Your letter requires as to certain terms. The fee is one dollar for complete particulars. You must send place and date of birth and it will probably be a fortnight before you get an answer. Address as per enquiry. 2. You can get books on Palmistry from any publisher. Rosa Vaughan has a pretty good one. Frost on graphology is one I like. Nelson Thorp of New York is an authority. He wrote some time ago a clever article in Demorest's Magazine, with thirty specimens of writing and some remarks upon each. He demands for a study not less than a page of the usual writing, the exact age, and the name of the party signed in full. I prefer the usual signature; it is much more graphic and natural, but not necessary in my notion for a delineation. Some signatures are the least spontaneous part of the study.

DONNA.—How dare you write on such paper? I am just blotted with gazing at it. If you were not such a good-natured and humorous creature that the fun of you naturally comes out in wiggles all over your writing I'd say something real cross to you. Faith, I'd not need to bore holes in the floor and walls of your writing as you suggest. They're made of glass, and anyway, what's the matter with looking thro' the keyhole? 2. You are very fond of pretty things and like to have order and beauty about you. You should have taste in dress, but very little vanity. You are somewhat imaginative, very bright and free in manner, independent in thought, not much of a chatterbox, and well able to take care of yourself. You are adaptable, careful of details, affectionate to those you really care for, and hopeful and courageous in time of trial. I am sure you will make an extra fine woman.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—Sometimes it is a good thing to feel that one stands alone, so far as human aid and sym-

LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

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pathy are concerned. We each really do, you know, only we prefer not to acknowledge it. Then, feeling this, the soul reaches out for its support and encouragement above the earth and mortals. Anything which forces it to do that is good. That is what is meant by the blessing of sorrow. What must you do? What shall you become? you ask me. Rather—what are you now? A self-conscious, self-absorbed, abnormally sensitive being, bound to make the beautiful hours a misery. Don't be an ass. Don't think only of yourself. Don't look always in the glass. Brace up, my dear. If I were not exasperated with your blindness, I should pity you truly. Don't dare to snore at commonplace people, nor fancy yourself above them. The commonplace is just what we imagine. Nothing is commonplace to the spiritual eye. You are all wrong and unwholesome, and it's quite your own fault, as it always is in such cases. Write again. I want you to. Just as a great secret I will tell you that I've been there myself.

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"What's the matter?" asked the policeman; "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place ter go!" replied Meandering Mike with contempt; "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go to dat's it's worryin' me dizzy making up me mind which way to start."

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Music.

It is more than probable that the coming musical season will be as rich in special attractions as the past year proved the reverse. Already there are rumors that grand opera on a scale of magnificence to which Toronto has not been accustomed, will be a strong feature of the approaching year's engagements in this city. Hamperdink's beautiful and remarkably successful opera, Haensel and Gretel, is to be given by a splendid company under the musical direction of Herr Anton Seidl. The Damrosch German Opera Company will also probably give a series of performances in Toronto. Should these events materialize they will constitute red letter days in the musical history of this musical city. Ondrick, the celebrated Bohemian violinist, and Marsick, the famous professor of the violin at the Paris Conservatoire, are also spoken of, besides a number of prominent foreign pianists and vocalists and minor attractions. The revival in business on the other side of the border appears already to be influencing the master of musical enterprises on a large scale, and the improved prospects generally are tempting an unusually strong array of eminent solo artists to try their fortunes in the New World for the season now approaching. Of local events there will probably be the usual concerts of the Toronto Philharmonic, Mendelssohn Choir and the Toronto Male Chorus Club, besides the promised concerts by Signor d'Auria's new orchestra, Herr Klingensfeld's Symphony Orchestra, and the usual numerous benevolent society, college and church concerts which contribute so important a share to the musical life of the city from season to season. Several other local ventures are, I believe, being planned and discussed, but up to the present these have not taken on sufficiently definite form to note them here.

At a special meeting of the London, Eng., Musical Association, held several weeks ago in the great metropolis in honor of a large party of American musicians who are now touring through Europe, Sir John Stainer delivered an eloquent address of welcome, in which a number of statements were made which are worthy of reproduction in this column as having a local application. After several complimentary allusions concerning the good work which is being done on this side of the Atlantic in the development of music, the genial English musician said: "We English church musicians know no greater compliment, no higher reward for our labors than to see our names appearing on the music lists of your churches and places of worship. We are most anxious that you should receive from us and carry on in its integrity the pure traditions of church music, a branch of art so peculiarly national to us, but also so essentially a need of English speaking races. I feel it my duty here to plead for the preservation and culture of the anthem, a form of composition whose existence in England is at present seriously jeopardized by a strong wave of congregationalism. I can see no reason why a trained choir and a hearty congregation should not both find room for the exercise of their religious worship and musical gifts in the same building; but this moderate and common-sense view does not satisfy congregational agitators; they desire to expel all trained musicians from our churches. If the anthem should lose its hold in England, I pray you to make it your adopted child. You are too sensible to imagine that it is merely an ingenious contrivance for 'showing off' trained voices. You know that it has in itself the power of teaching impressively and bringing home to the inmost heart the highest truths of religion." The above thoughts are earnestly recommended to some of our local hot-headed Partisans who fancy they see the work of the evil one in the special music of church choirs as exemplified in the stainer compositions referred to by Sir John Stainer, who is himself one of the most earnest and successful of contemporary church composers.

The encore nuisance is spoken of in the following language in a recent issue of the London Musical News: "Encores are becoming less popular than they once were, and in time they may be expected to become extinct. It will be well when they have died out, for they frequently have been impertinences. They disarrange the programme, give undue prominence to items which please the rowdier members of the audience, and are of little value as any criterion of the merit of the performance. It is only necessary that encores should be recognized to be bad etiquette; and every refusal to yield to the importunity of the audience tends in the right direction."

In view of the expected visit of Herr Rosenthal, the phenomenal pianist, to America during the coming year, the following extract from a London, Eng., journal will make interesting reading: "The pianoforte recitals by Rosenthal on Monday evening, and Paderewski on Tuesday afternoon, afforded an interesting opportunity for drawing comparisons. Paderewski's audience was quite one-third larger than Rosenthal's, as his name is as yet a better one to conjure with when dealing with a public which loves old favorites both in compositions and in performers. The average concert-goer likes to feel safe, just as a novice prefers paintings by artists of established position to the risk of expressing opinions, which may be wrong, concerning new pictures by unknown men. So at present Paderewski has the start of Rosenthal with our London audiences. Even if this were otherwise, we doubt if the latter would ever prove as attractive to the female element, which forms a large part of the ecial audience, as his Polish rival. As far as we know he is not a widower, he does not possess a mop of tawny hair, there has been no nonsense talked about soda water and cigarettes as staple sustenance, and his appearance is that of a good-looking healthy young man of remarkably fine physique. Paderewski is, on the contrary, what is termed 'interesting.' This distinction dominates to a large extent their playing powers. Paderewski's performances possess an 'atmosphere,' as a critic remarked to us after Tuesday's recital, and this 'atmosphere' belongs more to his person than to

Muscular Development.



What we may expect to see next summer when the bicycle girl goes bathing.

(Copyrighted)

his playing; a listener is unwittingly impressed by his dreamy manner and far-away look. Rosenthal is more masculine, owes nothing to mannerisms or romantic stories, and conquers by sheer ability and physical strength. His readings seem to us bolder and broader than those of Paderewski; and altogether, up to the present, we are decidedly impressed in his favor. Another, or several more hearings, however, will be necessary to confirm this opinion, which we only give as an impression, not as a judgment."

The trustees of the Chicago Orchestral Association, of which Mr. Theodore Thomas is musical director, have completed a collection of facts and figures showing the condition of the society at the present time. From the report it appears that the total expenditure for the maintenance of the orchestra during the past year exceeded the receipts by nearly \$35,000. The deficit last year footed up to over \$50,000. The number of musicians employed in the Chicago orchestra is never less than eighty-three, and on special occasions the orchestra numbers as many as ninety-five players. The total number of paid admission during the past season was 92,300 against 68,500 for the previous year. This showing is considered quite satisfactory by the directors, and steps are being taken to make the organization stronger than ever during the coming year.

Mme. Caloe, the remarkable operatic vocalist who, as Carmen, captivated New York during the grand opera season of 1893-94, returns to America in November to fill another engagement with the Abbey-Grau company at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Caloe expresses her intention of going to Bayreuth next season in order to learn more of the great Wagnerian music dramas.

Mr. Edward Fisher, accompanied by Mrs. Fisher, is spending the balance of his summer vacation in the Adirondacks. During Mr. Fisher's absence Mr. Patton of Montreal is supplying as the organ of St. Andrew's church.

Owing to Mr. Bowles' removal to Montreal, the position of organist at St. James' cathedral will be left vacant. Several names of prominent local organists are being spoken of as possible successors to Mr. Bowles. The question of this appointment, which is an important one, is awakening considerable interest in local musical circles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt are visiting friends and relatives at various points in Western Ontario and the Northern Lakes. Mr. Percy Pascoe of Woodstock, a pupil of Mr. Vogt, is acting as substitute at the organ of Jarvis street Baptist church during the absence of his teacher.

The directors of that most conservative and grandmotherey of famous musical institutions, the London Philharmonic, have finally decided upon the adoption of the diapason normal—French pitch—at future concerts of that organization. It is believed that this action on the part of the premier orchestral society of England will prove beneficial to the cause of music throughout the entire country and will be specially advantageous to solo artists, both vocal and instrumental. The organ in Queen's Hall is to be altered in conformity with this decision.

Told By Fitz Lee.
Courier-Journal.

Fitzhugh Lee doesn't mind telling a story even if it is on him. At the close of the war he was at the head of the cavalry, and these were much envied by the infantrymen, who had to walk through the mud and dust. After General Robert E. Lee had surrendered General Fitzhugh Lee rode away from Appomattox. While riding through a lane he met an old North Carolina soldier.

"Ho, there!" cried General Lee, "where are you going?"

"I've been off on a furlough and am now going back to join General Bob Lee," replied the old soldier.

"You needn't go back, but can throw your gun away and go back home, for Lee's surrendered."

"Lee's surrendered?" said General Lee.

"That's what I said," said General Lee. "It must have been that d—d Fitz Lee, then. Bob Lee would never surrender," and the soldier put on a look of contempt and walked on.

The Little Trials of Life.

Pack.

Carrie—Of course, I couldn't avoid hearing part of the conversation.

Clara—No; and what a pity you were not able to hear the rest of it!

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Confederation Life

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Social and Personal.

Danlop is making a beautiful display of roses this week. Orders from all over Canada and even from the States attest the appreciation of his skill by a beauty-loving people.

Mr. Herbert B. Carter, who has made many friends during his stay in Toronto, was on Wednesday evening presented with a handsome diamond locket and chain by his friends and conferees in the C.P.R. ticket office and elsewhere. Mr. Carter left on Thursday for Minneapolis, where he has accepted a good position.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the new G.T.R. president, has come to Canada to "see for himself."

The Wanderers' Bicycle meet on August 24 is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and is to be held over at Hanlan's on what is claimed to be the fastest track in the world. The Island people say they can give seating accommodation to seven thousand people, and the Wanderers are going to give them a day's work at it. Seats are to be had at 77 Yonge street. Mr. Joseph Goodman, who controls several of the greatest racing teams in the States, writes to the club as follows: "You can readily figure on thirty-five of American Class B riders. I have nothing to do with Morgan and Wright team, but Mr. Herriek, their manager, tells me that they will be at the Wanderers' race. This team consists of the following star riders: Gardiner, Coulter, Ziegler, DeCady, Bainbridge and Scott. I will send you on August 15 the entries of all teams under my management."

A very pleasant island function is the Yacht Club dance every Monday over at the Island quarters of the club.

The sad death of Mrs. Ogden Jones, who as Miss Morris, and during her short married life, was a very sweet and charming member of Toronto society, cast a shadow on many bright days last week. The sympathies of all are with her devoted husband and the relatives who mourn her early decease, especially her mother, Mrs. Morris, whose affection for her daughter was a by-word among her intimate friends.

Mr. E. R. Dewar of the Bank of Commerce arrived home last week from a ten weeks' trip in Europe.

Mr. Fred W. Boustead has returned from his holiday trip to Muskoka Lakes, greatly improved in health.

Mr. T. Sargent of Avenue road left last Saturday for Buffalo and Philadelphia to spend a few days visiting old friends.

Dr. E. K. Richardson of Flesherton has received the appointment of resident physician at the Sick Children's Hospital and has entered upon his duties.

Master Herbie Reid of Borden street has been spending his holidays with Mrs. Mulhern of Barrie.

Mrs. James Carruthers returned home this week.

Miss Flo O'Donnell of Grange avenue returned on Monday after spending six weeks with friends in Buffalo.

The much discussed marriage of Sir William Howland and Mrs. James Bethune took place at the residence of the bride-elect on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock. Sir William and Lady Howland have gone west on their wedding tour and will not be home for some weeks. I believe they will live at 125 Bedford road, where Lady Howland formerly resided.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, left this week for a couple of months' visit to London and Paris.

A marriage between a fair divorcee, once an admired member of society in this city, and an English gentleman was one of the subjects of comment among smart people this week. The ceremony took place in St. George's, Hanover Square, very quietly.

Miss Maud Burgers of Pineview Cottage, Mimico, is visiting Miss Effie Noughton of Thornhill.

A pleasant event occurred at the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, on Wednesday evening when Mr. J. B. Spurr, son of the late Mr. James Frederick Spurr, lawyer, of Scarborough, York, Eng., and managing editor of the county paper, the *Leader and Recorder*, was married to Emma A. Manning, youngest daughter of Mr. James Manning of Rose Hill, Bond Head. The bride was dressed in cream crepon and carried a bouquet of white roses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. Bernard Bryan, after which a reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frederick Smith of 350 Parliament street. The newly wedded pair will take up their residence at Deer Park.

A most enjoyable progressive euchre party was given by the guests of the Strawberry Island Hotel on Friday of last week. The tables were arranged in a circle, and the pavilion where the entertainment was held was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns and flowers. After the prizes had been awarded light refreshments were served, and a most delightful evening was brought to a close by an impromptu dance.

Among the passengers on the Clyde Line steamship Seminole from Florida were: Miss Dick, Mrs. Alexander Colin Campbell and Master Archie Campbell. Mrs. Campbell will spend several months with her brother, Mr. Walter Dick of St. Joseph street.

Miss Dalkers, who has been summering at Barrie, leaves for Muskoka next week, where she will spend the remainder of the month before returning to Toronto for the winter.

Mrs. and Miss Abercrombie are visiting Mrs. R. D. Lundy of Springhurst avenue.

Mrs. Harry B. Somers of 3 Bellevue place after spending a few weeks in Boston met her

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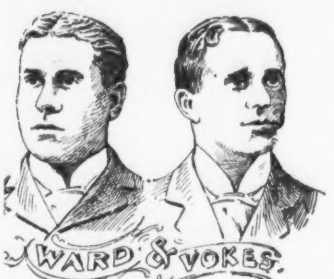
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WEEK AUGUST 26—"Delmonico's at 6."

friend, Mrs. E. F. Stewart, in New York. After spending a delightful time in New York, Ocean Grove, N. J., and Freeport, Long Island, where they were the guests of Judge Mallan, the ladies returned to Stroudsburg, Penn., where they are visiting with Mrs. D. Wesley Lee. Stroudsburg is a beautiful town situated in close proximity to Mount Pocono and the Blue Mountains.

All sorts of people are on bicycles! A flock of small girls, like a parcel of white pigeons, came skurrying down Yonge street and flattered about among the trolleys in a most amazing way on Tuesday. These were followed by two Q.C.'s and a parson in a long-tailed coat, and the rear was brought up by a Chinaman clad in bluish white shirt and breeches and white cork shoes, and with his

long black pigtail neatly tucked under his right arm.

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The Rosseau Regatta

THE ANNUAL REGATTA AND HOP WILL BE HELD ON FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

When some very handsome and valuable prizes will be competed for. In the evening the prizes will be distributed in the "Montebello Hall," followed by a grand hop. Arrangements have been made for reduced fares on all the Muskoka Navigation Company's steamers, and the daily excursion steamer will remain until four o'clock p.m., giving visitors a good opportunity of witnessing the sports.

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Service of Cars into the Parks

KING STREET CARS run to Balaam Avenue, close to Victoria Park, every six minutes. Nearly all these cars are open. Connections are made at Woodbine park with the Scarborough cars, which run direct to the park every fifteen minutes. HIGH PARK.—There is a ten minute service on Carlton and College route, and a ten minute service on College and Yonge, making a direct service of five minutes from College and Yonge into the park. Special cars may be chartered for school or church parties. School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

Grimsby Park

Dr. C. H. FRASER, of Chicago, will lecture on Saturday, the 17th inst., and preach on Sunday, 18th, at 11 a.m. "Dr. Fraser is one of America's greatest orators. In voice, gesture, logic, humor, pathos, he is a master. He stands upon the mountain-top. His thought is courageous, elevating, noble. His flights of true eloquence are wonderful."—*Milwaukee*.

Rev. Dr. MACINTYRE, of Denver, the orator of the occasion, will preach on Sunday, the 18th, at 2 p.m., and through the week will give his graphic and thrilling course of Six Lectures. "THE SCENIC SERIES" "Niagara"—"Mammoth Cave"—"Peaks and Gorges of Colorado"—"Yosemite"—"Yellowstone Park"—"Grand Canon of Arizona." One lecture each day at 2:30 p.m.

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ICE We are positively the only company who deal exclusively in LAKE SIMCOE ICE

Low rates, best of ice, prompt delivery, liberal weight. BELLE EWART ICE CO. 65 Yonge Street Opp. Webb's Restaurant.

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CAMELLINE An exquisite Californian preparation for the complexion. SAMPLES FREE AT THE ROSSIN HOUSE DRUG STORE

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Our...

Transposing
Pianos

And you will be so favorably impressed with this invention that

—Transposes any music
—into any key by a simple
—lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
117 King St. West, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The Misses Bell of Washington came on Thursday to visit Miss Gunther.

Miss McVitty of Holley, N. Y., is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Maud Beach is in town again visiting Mrs. Wallace at 22 Maitland street, and intends staying here until the middle of September.

Among those who formed a jolly party on board the Eurydice on her trip to Montreal, which ended all too soon, on Wednesday evening last, were: Mr. and Mrs. Presko, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. A. H. Howarth, Miss Mabel Howarth, Mrs. Bachand, Mrs. McClair, Mr. H. L. Jordan, Mr. J. E. Service, Mr. Wm. Griffith, Rev. Wm. Boddy, Mr. J. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, Mr. A. Fisher, Mr. B. Forbes, Mr. R. Newell, Mr. T. Atkinson, Miss Gendron, Mr. T. Walker, Mrs. Beam, Mr. Percy Beam, Miss Cosgrave, Mrs. Gloster, Mrs. Walterhouse, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Ray, Mr. Morris, Captain McSherry, Mr. F. R. James, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Herbert Chestnut (Allan Douglas Brodie) of Toronto; Mr. H. D. King of Montreal; Miss Hutchison, Miss Gadeby, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon and Mr. Percy Nelson of St. Catharines; Mrs. James Desay of Dundas; Mr. and Mrs. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson of Richmond Hill, Mr. F. Robson of Oshawa, Miss Ray Crawford, Miss R. Rich, Miss Belle R. Rich of Hamilton, Miss Archer of Galveston, Texas, Mr. A. Lambert of Oshawa, Mrs. Parse, Miss Hallie Shinn, Miss Mary Shinn of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. When nearing Toronto an address was presented to Captain Jackson, thanking him for his uniform courtesy and the skillful manner in which he carried his passengers over six hundred miles without a single hitch to mar the general enjoyment. To Mr. H. W. Van Every, under whose auspices the excursion was run, and Mr. J. H. Sylvester, the able purser, much of the success of the trip is due, as they were at all times unremittent in their endeavor to make the passengers as comfortable as possible and perfectly at home with the boat and each other.

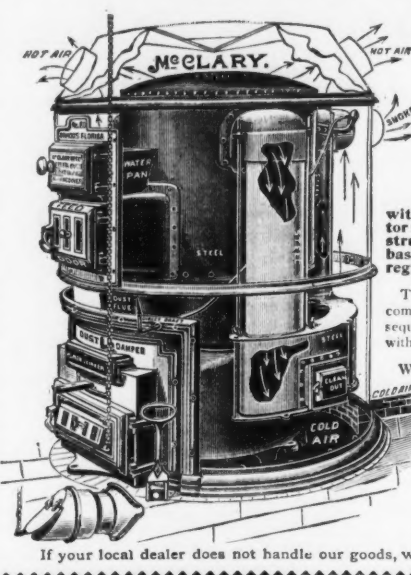
The new arrivals at the Peninsular Park Hotel are: Mrs. O'Donovan of Peterboro', Mrs. Warren and the Misses Ransom of Cincinnati, Mr. J. W. Bruce of Detroit, Mrs. Fred Nation of Brandon, Mr. M. M. Levy of Galveston, and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Waters of Dallas. A progressive euchre party was held in the drawing-rooms of the hotel on Thursday evening of last week. The successful competitors were: Mrs. Alfred Wright of Toronto, Miss Gilmour of Montreal, Mr. A. Hillyard Birmingham and Mr. Percy Staverson. Refreshments were served and an impromptu dance ended a most enjoyable evening.

The following are registered at the Stratton House, Port Carling: Messrs. Fred Mann, E. Harley, M. Hilliker of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Munro of Pittsburgh, Messrs. Parton and Blackwood of New York, Mrs. Dawson and Miss Kendall of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Harley of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gatis of Cleveland, Judge and Mrs. McGibbon of Melton, Miss S. L. Taylor of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Mann of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. George Spence of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watt of Brantford, Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt, Miss Mabel Watts of Cincinnati, Mr. A. W. Allen of Toronto, Rev. George and Mrs. Sutherland of Fingal, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rea of Pittsburgh, and Captain Fraser of Liverpool. Boating and excursion parties during the day and evening parties and dances help to make life pleasant for those who make the Stratton their headquarters.

The following are among the arrivals at Grimsby Park during the past week: Rev. G. and Mrs. Richardson of Mount Forest, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clark of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore of St. Catharines, Mr. J. F. Atkinson of Toronto, Mrs. W. W. Foster of Guelph, Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Kennedy, Rev. S. W. Murworthy, Mrs. C. D. Watson, Mr. J. H. Moore, Mrs. Charles D. Johnston of London, Miss Nina V. Eastman of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Waterhouse, Rev. R. H. Cathcart, Mrs. Worden, Mrs. G. E. Bradshaw, Miss M. J. Riddell and Miss M. E. Riddell of Toronto, Mr. Charles Moore of Hamilton, Mr. Alfred H. C. Dille of Detroit, Mr. A. E. Griffith of Walkerville, Miss Annie Bowerbank, Mr. W. C. Wilkinson of Toronto, Mrs. Crawford of London, Mr. E. Coatsworth, Jr., M.P., Mr. Walter Duffett of Toronto, Mr. P. K. Moore, Mr. W. A. Kerr of Hamilton, Rev. G. H. Cabbleick of Brussels, Mrs. L. Simpson, Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Wright of Brantford, Rev. Joseph Phelps of Ridgetown, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Clarke of Brantford, Miss Kennedy of St. Catharines, Miss Minnie Bowron, Miss A. E. Storm, Miss P. Bowden and Miss E. Hillock of Toronto, Rev. F. S. and Miss Parkhurst of Rochester, Miss Marshall of Philadelphia, Mr. H. and Mrs. Jackman of Toronto.



Hot Air Furnaces

With Hot Water
Combination if Desired.Our...
Famous Florida
For Coal.

with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, is constructed on the principle of a baseburner stove, and is as easily regulated as one.

The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel.

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VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

The following registered at the Queen's Royal last week: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. W. D. Thompson, Mr. R. Kingsmill, Mr. A. H. Baines, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss McTavish, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Fred Winnett, Miss Morrison, Mr. N. W. Wells, Mr. D. B. Dick, Mr. C. V. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Drynan, Mr. Noel Marshall, Mr. Fred Worts of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Crosswain, Mr. A. S. Sedgewick, Mr. J. Johnston, Mr. H. Williams, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Abbott, Mr. W. H. Kistline, Mrs. F. and Miss Perew, Miss Warin, Mrs. and Miss Colle, Mr. A. Nicol, Mrs. Rogers of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Porter of Jordan, Mr. B. Van Horne, Mrs. Van Horne, Mrs. and Miss Pearson, Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Vedden of Niagara Falls, Mr. J. F. Allen, Mr. A. E. Hedstone of Buffalo, Mr. R. A. Lucas, Mr. R. A. Gunn, Mr. A. Ambrose, Mr. H. T. Bunbury of the Hamilton yacht, Zolma; Mrs. and Miss Hernandez of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Marbell of Pittsburgh, Mr. T. K. Thompson of Stamford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilks of Galt, Archdeacon Houston of Niagara Falls, Mr. N. Wells of Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Benson of Buffalo, Miss Cummings of Toledo, Miss Jordan of Boston, Mr. H. Powers of Youngstown, Mr. W. A. Wilson of Toronto, Mr. K. Wick of Youngstown.

Miss McIntyre of Toronto and Miss A. Paffard of New York are stopping with Mrs. W. Paffard.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's was a very jolly one. Among the many present were: Mrs. Thompson, Mr. C. and Miss Edith Howard, Miss Lucy, Mrs. Bleistone, Miss Henderson, Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Ransom, the Misses Ince, Miss Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Gaddis, Mr. F. Geddes, Mr. Bouth, the Misses Stewart, Mr. Pierce, Miss Hernandez, Mrs. Harman, Mr. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, Miss Strathy, Mr. Mee, Mr. Scott Griffin, Miss M. Brown, Mrs. Onslow, Miss Hewgill, Mrs. J. C. Garrett, Miss Pierce, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Brock, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. George Brownell.

The Cotillion at the Queen's on Thursday of last week was very pleasant. Mr. Scott Griffin and Miss Brown proved themselves most efficient leaders. A delicious little supper was served at eleven, after which dancing was continued until about twelve.

There is nothing like stepping a little out of the beaten track and introducing something novel. A number of little ones from Fort Niagara and vicinity arrived at Paradise Grove for an afternoon's fun on Tuesday, and announced themselves to be "a watermelon party."

Everyone wants to know who is the pretty little girl from Queenston who so often attends the Saturday evening hops, and is called Trilby. She is very petite, very pretty, and very popular, with large dark eyes, dark wavy hair, done neither high nor low, and dances beautifully.

Invitations are out for a large dance at Hotel Chautauque on August 17. It promises to be one of the pleasantest affairs of the season.

Some Circus Pointers.

Detroit Free Press.

As I purchased my ticket to go into the circus which was exhibiting in a town at the foot of Cumberland range, a little old woman who wore a poke bonnet and was without shoes or stockings beckoned me aside and said:

"Look yere, stranger. I've walked ten miles to see this yere circus."

"Yes."

"I reckoned to git in fur two bits, but I can't do it. The price is fo' bits and they won't abate. Do yo' know any of the sarcus folks?"

"No, I don't."

"If yo' did they might abate. I kin do some

sarcus tricks myself, and mebbe they'd let me in free. Cum out yere and see me flop a summersault, as they calls it."

"Really, ma'am, I haven't time."

"Wall, then, give me room and see me turn a cart-wheel. I kin do it as slick as any man yo' ever seed."

"Yes, I presume so, but I can't spare the time."

"I've walked the top-rail of a fence fur half a mile without fallin' off," she continued, "and I believe I could walk a rope. Git outen the way and I'll show yo' a handspring as good as yo' ever saw."

"Please don't, ma'am. If you want to go into the circus—"

"Yo' kin hoot that I want to go into the sarcus!" she interrupted. "That's what I'm yere fur. Whenever a sarcus cums along I git thar if I kin and ketch on to all the new flip-flops. The ole man is sick and couldn't cum, but I promised him to hev a good look at the hyenas and tell him all about 'em. As fur me, I'm bound and determined to ride that trick mowl twice around the ring or perish in the attempt. What was yo' goin' to say?"

"I was going to say that I'd pay the other two bits and take you with me."

"Wouldn't yo' do that fur a pore ole woman who hain't seen a sarcus fur two yare?" she anxiously said.

"Of course."

I got her a ticket and we passed in together, and at her request I hunted up the cage of hyenas the first thing. She stood and looked at them for five minutes before saying:

"Wall, I don't see what the purtiness comes in, but the ole man is crazy 'bout hyenas. Now fur the sarcus."

We sat down together and she took great interest in and vigorously applauded every feat. By and by, when the trick mule was brought in and the usual announcement was made, she sprang up and was at the ring-side before anyone else could move. Everybody laughed, and the ringmaster was confused. He finally had to tell her that all women were barred out, and when she persisted a couple of employees led her back to her seat. She came back flushed and angry, and when I attempted to console her she said:

"That's the way of it all over—the wimmin folks hain't got no rights and can't git 'em. I could hev rid that mowl to his grave and not been throwed off, and that's what they was afraid of. Ar' thar' any camp-bells with this show?"

"You mean camels. Yes, there are four or five in the other tent."

"Then I'll ride a camp-bell and behanged to 'em. I hain't goin' hum without doin' sunthin' to brag of."

She slipped away, and when we filed out after the performance she was sitting between the two humps of a half-asleep dromedary and saying to the man who wanted her to come off:

"You go to ballyhock! I cum to this sarcus to git a pinter or two, and if yo' git me off'n this campbell I'll ride yere ole rhinoceros around till he draps dead!"

That Little Bill.

Chicago Post.

He was mad clear through and he grumbled and stamped about the house until his wife asked what was the matter.

"This bill!" he exclaimed. "This blamed tailor's bill! It's an outrage! A little mistake now and then can be overlooked, but one like this is too much for a man to bear."

"What's the matter with it, dear?" she asked.

"It's wrong, all wrong," he returned. "There isn't a thing right about it and it makes me look like an inspired idiot. I won't have it, not for a minute."

"Let me see it."

"What for? It's nothing that concerns you. It's something for me to settle with the tailor

personally and teach him to be more careful in the future."

"But maybe I can help you explain it, dear," she persisted.

"Maybe you can, but I'd like to know how. What light can you throw on two pairs of knee pants?"

She looked startled and tried to speak, but he continued before she was able to say a word.

"Or of two jackets to match the pants?" he went on. "Or two sackcoats or four white vests or one sweater or one corduroy suit?"

She was nervous but determined as she got up and walked across the room and snatched the bill from his hand.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"They are mine," she said. "How dare you open my mail?"

"Yours!" He was too astonished to say more.

"Yes, mine."

"But what are you—you—"

"I have been preparing for my summer outing with some of the new women of our club."

A Very Rare Coin.

Strand Magazine.

While Louis Napoleon was "Prince-president," and just before he made himself emperor, a decree was issued ordering a five-franc silver piece to be coined bearing his image.

The dies were made and one coin was struck off as a sample and sent to the prince president for approval. But some time passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention, he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a "love lock," or hooked lock of hair on the temple, which he did actually wear at that period, but which he thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent a representation of himself as an effigy upon a coin.

The prince-president sent for the director of the mint and ordered him to remove the "love lock." Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval, and that the stamping of the coins had commenced.

The work was stopped and the image deprived of its undignified lock, but the twenty-three coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed, and are now regarded as of great value.

An Impossibility.

Puck.

"Young man," said the prison chaplain to the convict, "do you realize that you have blasted your brilliant prospects, thrown away your life, and willfully disgraced your family name?"

"Oh, no; not that!" said the prisoner stoically. "I couldn't do it; my family name is Smith!"

Ladies...

Will save unpleasant delays and inconvenience to themselves by having their

FURS...

repaired, altered and remodeled to the latest styles now, before the busy season commences.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS

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Wall Papers

In all the latest designs, at close prices. Also relief materials in original designs.

Wood Floors

In plan and Mosaic patterns. Wood Carpet, Borders for rugs, &c.

Grille Work

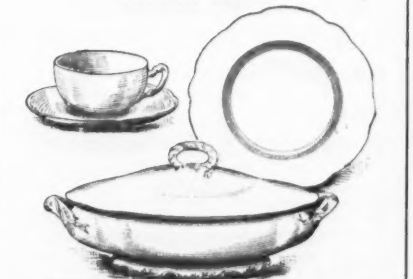
For Arches and Doors, in turned and twisted wood.

William H. Elliott

(LATE OF ELLIOTT & SON)

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CHINA HALL

LATEST DESIGNS IN DINNER AND TEA SETS
JUNIOR & IRVING 19 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

STUART—On Tuesday, Aug. 15, Mrs. F. F. Stuart, jr., a daughter.

McKENDRY'S

SATURDAY.

Retailing has got to such perfection that unless merchandise bought right you might as well give up first as last. Time was and that not very far back, when any Tom, Dick or Harry could buy for the largest houses in the Dominion, in fact some of them are presuming it to-day; alas for the house. All the stores, with one exception, are watching this house with the same intenseness as the feline animal watch their prey. They learn lessons from lists like the following:

Colored Silk and Canvas Belts, regular 25c. goods, for 10c.

Safety Pins, 2 doz. for 5c.

Fancy Bone Hair Pins, regular 25c, for 12c.

Shaded Crochet Cotton, 7c. ball.

PATENT MEDICINES

Special—Fly Poison Pads, 2 for 5c, regular 5c each.

Barber's Shaving Soap, 5c per cake.

Seidlitz Powder, 15c per box, regular 25c goods.

Beef, Iron and Wine, 40c, regular \$1.

Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 50 in. wide, worth \$1.35, for 95c.

36 in. Figured Swiss Muslin, with border, 12 1/2c, worth 20c.

Dandelion Coffee, 25c, worth 35c.

Peppermint Lozenges, 10c lb.

Children's Exercise Books, 2 for 5c.

Bellard's Instruction Books for the Piano, 25c, regular 75c.

"Boston" Playing Cards, ivory finish, 10c pack.

Ladies' Black Taffeta Gloves, with fancy colored stitching, regular 35c, for 15c.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Hose, double knee, sole and heel, regular 35c, for 19c.

Ladies' White Crepon Parasols, regular \$1.25, for 50c.

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1 KING ST. EAST.
COR. YONGE STREET.

GEORGE—Aug. 6, Mrs. Hugh George—a daughter.
MCKLEBOROUGH—Aug. 12, Mrs. James McKleborough—a son.
MACDONALD—Aug. 8, Mrs. J. A. Macdonald—a daughter.
JONES—Aug. 1, Mrs. O'Brien Jones—a son.
JOHNSTON—Aug. 7, Mrs. W. R. Johnston—a son.

Marriages.
MCLEAN—FINDLAY—Aug. 7, Robert J. McLean to Jean B. Findlay.

Deaths.
TRENT—Aug. 14, Edith Bruce Trent, aged 32.
PLATT—Aug. 8, Mary Jane Platt, aged 3.
JONES—Aug. 8, Maria Emily Jones, aged 28.
LEWIS—Aug. 13, Richard Lewis, aged 82.
JACKES—Aug. 13, William Jackes, aged 68.
SHORTT—July 17, Lawrence H. Shortt, aged 82.
BARTLEY—Aug. 11, Rev. F. M. Bartley, aged 80.

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Office, "The Forum," Yonge St., Tel. 3195. Hours, 9-5.
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